McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
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B. F. WRIGHT PASSED AWAY ON SUNDAY.

Death Was Due to an attack of Pneumonia.

ANOTHER BUCKTAIL AT REST.

Caught Cold on a Hunting Trip Which Eventually Caused His Death—A Popular Hotel Man for Thirty Years and Had Hosts of Friends—Funeral Held Yesterday Afternoon—Knights Templar in Attendance.

Benjamin Franklin Wright died at his home on East Main street, this borough, at 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, December 19, 1909, and in his demise McKean county loses one of its oldest and best known citizens.

The direct cause of Mr. Wright's death was pneumonia which developed from a cold he contracted late in November while on a hunting trip in Clinton county. Although nearly 75 years of age he could not forego a deer hunt framed up by several of his old friends who were much younger and more rugged than he, and in camping in a cabin in the woods at this time of year he contracted a severe cold. He came home and was forced to take to his bed and the place grew so severe that he could not withstand its ravages and he steadily grew worse until Sunday afternoon when the end of his life [illegible].

B. F. Wright was born in [illegible] county, N. Y., in [illegible]. When a boy he moved with his parents to [illegible] county and from there to [illegible], Livingston county, N. Y., where he completed his education at the seminary in [illegible] and in 1859 he moved to Smethport where he has since resided, with the exception of the years he spent in the Civil War.

At the beginning of the war he enlisted in Company C of the First Pennsylvania Rifles, better known as the "Bucktails" and served until July 3, 1865, when he was mustered out and returned to Smethport. He was wounded at the battle of South Mountain, Md., and received a second wound at Spottsylvania Court House in 1864. He was a prominent member of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., and was their commander at one time. He was brevoted a Colonel and was known throughout this section as Colonel or Comrade Wright.

After returning from the war he accepted a position with the Lafayette Coal Company at Lafayette, this county, which position he held for a short time. In the fall of 1866 he was elected sheriff of this county which position he held for three years. In 1875 he built the Wright House in this borough and conducted this popular hostelry until about three years ago when he retired to private life, buying a home close to the hotel where he had spent so much of his active life.

He was a member of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., and of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., a Knight Templar and a member of the Mystic Shrine. Politically he was a Republican of the independent sort and he did much good for the party in years gone by.

In 1859 he was united in marriage to Miss Catherine L. Bennett, who with five children survive to mourn the loss of a kind, loving and indulgent husband and father. The surviving children are: Dr. F. O. Wright, of White Plains, N. Y., Mrs. W. L. Foster of Independence, Kansas, Miss Lena Wright of St. Marys, Pa., Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins of St. Marys, Pa., and Mrs. S. A. Powell of Ridgway, Pa.

"Comrade" Wright, as he was familiarly called by his host of friends was one of the most genial and popular hotel men in the State of Pennsylvania. He always believed in making his hotel seem like home to his guests and many a traveling man will feel the death of Mr. Wright as deeply as though he was a member of his family. He had that happy faculty of adapting himself to the surrounding conditions and even during his last days he seemed to enjoy the company and sports of young men as well as he did those of his own age. He was always the life of the company he was in and his presence was ever welcome in any party.

He was liberal to almost a fault and possessed one of the biggest, kindest hearts that a man ever had. He was testy at times and some people who did not understand him thought he was what is termed a crank but those who knew him best knew that the manifold good qualities he possessed so far outnumbered any faults he may have had that the latter were entirely lost from view or thought.

The funeral services were held at the Baptist church, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, officiating, at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. About 30 members of Trinity Commandry, No. 54, Knights Templar, of Bradford came over and took charge of the funeral. The services of this organization were beautiful and impressive, and the floral tributes were beautiful. His remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

ENTERED INTO REST.

Mrs. Jennie Forsythe Tracy Passed Away Tuesday Morning.

Mrs. Jennie Forsythe Tracy died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Forsythe, on East Main street, this borough, at 8:20, Tuesday morning, December 21, 1909, aged 42 years and four months.

For several months past Mrs. Tracy had been suffering with Bright's disease and some two months ago she came home from Buffalo in a very serious condition. Her doctors gave her very little hope from the start and the spark of life has only been kept in her frail body for some time back by sheer force of will-power and unusual courage which she possessed.

Miss Jennie Forsythe was born in Smethport, August 16, 1867, and spent her girlhood and young womanhood days in this place. On May 20, 1892, she was united in marriage to Thomas A. Tracy, who died several years ago. For the past five years she has resided in Buffalo, where she has been employed.

The deceased possessed a sweet, kind and loving disposition that made her hosts of firm friends among all who knew her. She was always apparently happy and never looked upon the dark side of life, nor troubled her friends with her troubles. She believed it was more blessed to give than receive and that sunshine in one's disposition was one of the most blessed of gifts, which she radiated into the lives of all who knew her.

She is survived by her father, step-mother, and one sister, Mrs. E. E. Heath, who will deeply mourn the untimely death of a most loving daughter and sister.

The funeral services are being held at the family home this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, assisted by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church officiating, and her remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Death of B. J. Wilmoth.

An Olean dispatch dated Dec. 21, says: Baxter J. Wilmoth died at his home in this city at 7 o'clock this morning aged 67 years. His death resulted from a stroke of paralysis, which he suffered on December 5. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, Mrs. C. M. Carr of Bradford; Mrs. E. P. Southwick of Clairton, Pa.; one son, Carey B. Wilmoth of Buffalo, and two brothers, Nelson of Millers Station, N. Y., and a brother whose address is unknown.

Mr. Wilmoth came from Bradfor to Olean in 1989. He has resided in the latter city for 18 years and for 32 years has been connected with the B., N. Y. & P., W. N. Y. & P. and Pennsylvania railroads, in the position of claim agent and district tax agent. He was a member of the Civic club of Olean, Corry Commandery of the Knights Templar and Ismalia Temple, Mystic Shrine, of Buffalo.

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JOHN F. BIGLER, Prin.

Advertise in The Miner.

ACCIDENT AT EAST SMETHPORT.

Unknown Man Nearly Frozen After Being Hit By Train.

About 7 o'clock last evening an unknown man was picked up by the side of the Pennsylvania Railroad track a few rods south of the station at East Smethport. The man was quite badly bruised about the head and face and was nearly frozen. He was brought up town and given medical attention but notwithstanding a vigilant effort on our part we were unable to locate the injured man or learn his name this morning.

We learned that the man who is supposed to be a glassworker from Port Allegany was put off the late southbound Merry Widow for some cause and hung about the station until the Pennsylvania local pulled out about six o'clock. He evidently attempted to jump that near the water tank and was thrown heavily upon the rails, where he had laid until he was found.

It is said that he was apparently intoxicated and the chances are that his injuries did not prove very serious after he got washed up and warmed.

A PLEASANT DANCING PARTY.

Members of Central Club Entertain the Ladies Tuesday Evening.

The members of the Central Club entertained the ladies last Tuesday evening with a very pleasant dancing party which was given at Holden's new hall and all report a very pleasant evening.

Between thirty and forty couples were in attendance and all danced until a late hour to the inspiring music furnished by Chadwick's orchestra. Excellent refreshments were served by Miss Margaret Patrison which is an assurance that they were of the very best.

It is not very often that the Central Club members entertain the ladies and the gentler sex undoubtedly appreciate it when they do. It has been a long time since the writer has seen more beautiful gowns or more handsome women together than were present at this party. Their faces seemed to say, "men, you are doing well, why don't you do it oftener?" We certainly appreciate your entertainment.

NO MINER NEXT WEEK.

We are going to take advantage of the holidays next week and not issue a Miner on the 30th. The whole force from the editor to the imp have been working unusually hard for several months past and we think we are entitled to a brief respite in this way, and besides our pink linotype operator is getting homesick for that old New York State town and insists on spending Christmas there, which would make it almost impossible to get out a paper next week.

Perhaps our readers feel that they need a rest too, but be that as it may, we take this time in wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we will try to serve you better than ever during the year of 1910.

Norwich Entertainment Course.

Mr. R. E. Wilson of Norwich who was formerly a teacher in Lewiston, N. Y., has taken the initiative in arranging a course of entertainments for the present winter. Under the instruction of Prof. Wilson an excellent play was given at Norwich and at Crosby last week. This was a great success financially and was an extraordinary home talent entertainment. The proceeds of this will apply on the expense of the coming attractive entertainments. The first will be given in the hall at Crosby on Tuesday evening, Dec. 28. It consists of six colored gentlemen, the famous "Orpheus Jubilee Singers."

The other three are to be announced later, namely: An illustrated lecture by J. Reed Powell; The Monroe Entertainers, consisting of three ladies; Recitations from Mark Twain by Benjamin A. Nichols.

The full course tickets are $1.00 for adults and 50 cents for any pupil attending school in Norwich township. We request every one to aid in this undertaking and make it a success.

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Our Alumni.

Look over the list of the alumni of the Clarion State Normal School, note the positions held by its graduates and you will be convinced of the strong influences this splendid institution has set in motion. Write for catalog.

J. GEORGE BECHT, Prin.

NOT GUILTY WAS VERDICT OF THE JURY.

Cirriaco Fasano, Defendant in Clermont Murder Case Goes Free.

TOM McCLELLAN ALSO NOT GUILTY

But the Jury Put Half the Costs on Him in Libel Case Brought by Dr. Larson of Kane—Verdict in Fasano Case was a Surprise to Many—Other Cases Continued.

The trial of the Clermont murder case, in which Cirriaco Fasano, a young Italian was charged with the murder of his cabin mate and fellow countryman, Massanto Marcella, took up three days of the time of the court presided over by Judge Harry Alvin Hall of St. Marys. The case was given to the jury Friday evening and a verdict was reached during the night. At 10:30 Saturday morning court was called and a verdict of "not guilty" was rendered by the jury.

Monday's Bradford Star-Record in commenting on the case says: The commonwealth had built an exceptionally strong case on circumstantial evidence and at the beginning of the trial it was freely predicted that District Attorney Mayo would secure a conviction. The fact that certain of the personal belongings of the murdered man had been found where it was alleged Fasano had hidden them seemed to presage a verdict against the accused man. Attorney F. D. Gallup who defended Fasano presented the case of his client so skillfully, however, that the jury was apparently convinced that the evidence produced by the prosecution was not sufficiently strong to warrant a verdict of murder.

Nie Torche a Pittsburg Italian, acted as interpreter and performed the duties of that position in a manner acceptable to all concerned.

McClellan's Libel Case.

The case charging Tom McClellan, editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald, with criminal libel, in which Dr. L. A. Larson of Kane was the prosecutor, occupied the attention of Judge Bouton on Wednesday and Thursday, and part of Friday morning. The jury retired at 10 o'clock Friday morning and at noon a verdict of "not guilty" was rendered and the costs were divided between the prosecutor and defendant.

The case grew out of an article published in the Herald in August, 1908, relative to an operation performed by Dr. Larson on a young lady near Kane for appendicitis, in which the aforesaid Doctor claimed he had been criminally libeled. The Herald of last week in speaking of the case, in part, says:

There is no man or institution that is more deeply interested in the preservation or order, or the sustaining of the law than the publisher of a newspaper. It is, in fact, one of the principal duties of every proper newspaper to see that the law is maintained, and that those who transgress the law are exposed and brought to trial. And then, over and above this, there is yet one question of yet more vital concern to the man behind the newspaper, and that is, the establishing of the truth of his publication, and that no word has been set down in malice.

In the present instance in the opinion of the court we sustained our case and much more, by the sworn testimony of the witnesses. By the verdict of the jury we are innocent of libel; and if we are asked to pay a part of the costs for the privilege of humorously embellishing our utterances, be it understood that said embellishments were supplied as wings by the aid of which we elected to reach a mark.—We have arrived, and we consider the wings worth the price.

The trying of the two above cases took so much of the time of the court that all other cases scheduled for last week were continued until next term of court.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

P., S. & N. RAILROAD.

Contracts Aggregating $3,000,000 have Been Awarded for the Construction of the Brookville and Mahoning Link.

Work has been started on a new railroad construction that will bring the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad within the limits of what commonly is known as the Pittsburg district. It is believed generally that the road which has been working for years with a view of entering the Pittsburg district, will secure control of railroad property in that section valued at millions of dollars. Direct connection will be made with the Western Allegand railroad, built a few years ago by capitalists, and the Shawmut will connect also with the Baltimore & Ohio system lines at West Pittsburg. Contracts aggregating $3,500,000, for the building of the Brookville and Mahoning railroad from Brookville, Pa., to Mahoning, along the Allegany river, were awarded about a month ago, by the Shawmut to James H. Corbett Construction Company. Sub-contracts were awarded, and rapid progress is being made. The work includes the erection of a heavy steel bridge across the Allegany river. It leaked out that the Western Allegany is making surveys for a connecting link from a point near East Brady along the Allegany river toward Pittsburg as far as Mahoning and that connection will be made at that point with the Shawmut. Several Pittsburg engineers are at work on the new survey, and it is expected that construction will be started shortly. This means the extension of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern system from Brookville, Pa., to Mahoning on the Allegany river, thence over the Western Allegany to New Castle, from that point a connecting link is being built to West Pittsburg, where direct connections will be made with both the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pittsburg & Lake Erie [illegible] will become a big factor in the railroad business of this section.

Eldred Bank Affairs.

At a meeting of Trustee Marsh and Referee Wilson in this city last Saturday, a number of new and interesting facts were developed in the Eldred bank matter.

All of the claims of the defunct institution were checked up with the books of the bank and it was found that over $15,000 in claims had been filed twice and one claim had been filed three times.

Trustee Marsh filed a petition with the referee to strike off all duplicate claims. This discovery will have the effect of increasing the dividends payable to the creditors.

Investigation also showed that in several instances, excessive interest claims had been made. Trustee Marsh petitioned that such amounts be reduced to the legal amount.

It has been decided that all creditors indebted to the bank by notes, etc., shall be required to deduct amounts due from their claims against the institution. The trustee has duly filed a petition to that effect.

The new condition of affairs has caused a delay in the mailing of the dividend checks for about 20 per cent.

The Eldred bank matter will come up for another hearing in this city Jan. 8, at 9 a. m.—Bradford Era.

Notice of Election.

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the Limestone Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Limestone, Pa., will be held at Limestone, Clarion county, Pa., on January 10th, 1910, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.

B. B. FERGUSON,
Secretary.

Pocketbook Lost.

Suitable reward will be paid for the return to my residence of pocketbook containing about $25.00, lost Saturday morning between Water St. and Postoffice.

F. B. MAYO,
Water Street.

"Julatta"

on Christmas morning at 5:30 o'clock. Services will be held and the choir will render music. The children's Sunday School Fest will be held at 7 o'clock in the evening. All cordially invited by the pastor, Rev. J. E. Hallmertz.

HON. T. V. COOPER DEAD.

He Was Burned to Death at His Home in Media, Pa.

Thomas V. Cooper, one of the oldest editors in Pennsylvania and publisher of the Media American was burned to death in his home at Medina early Sunday morning. Mr. Cooper was troubled with insomnia and was lounging in his den with an elderdown bathrobe. He was an inveterate smoker and it is thought that he laid down on a couch with a cigar in his mouth and as he fell asleep the cigar dropped onto the robe setting it afire. When his family was awakened by the smell of smoke he was dead and the fire was practically out, only having done slight injury to the room.

Mr. Cooper was a veteran of the Civil War and has been prominent in politics for the past fifty years. He has been a member of the house of representatives most of the time for the past forty years and until age commenced to tell strongly on him he was one of the ablest fighters and best generals in the House. He was called the "Red Headed and Hopeful Tom Cooper" but in later years he said he should be known as "White Headed and Harmonious." The following story is told by the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times which illustrates in a way his cleverness:

In the closing hours of the session of 1905 the house was considering a piece of legislation at a night session. The sides were fighting hard and evidences of bitterness were creeping into the debate. Speaker Henry F. Walton was keeping the house within parliamentary lines with much difficulty. From his seat in the center aisle, Mr. Cooper asked for recognition. "The gentleman from Delaware," [illegible] Mr. Cooper [illegible] the house will be in order," and the speaker [illegible] his mallet. Every member of the several hundred men and women in the galleries turned toward [illegible] and then in a shrill voice was heard:

The day that we came over,
Oh, we never shall forget,
In the morning it was raining
And the afternoon was wet.

Instantly the house was joining in the song, while the speaker hammered for silence. Mr. Cooper had accomplished his point; he had made a couple of hundred men laugh just at the time they were ready to fight. When the house settled down, the bill was disposed of in good humor.

WHO IS THE GIRL?

This Is the Question Asked by the Star-Record Last Night.

The Denver Post of recent date has the following:

Mrs. Edna May Willard, daughter of wealthy parents of Bradford, Pa., spent her honeymoon on Christmas day, 1905, with a bricklayer to whom she was married against the will of her father and mother. She has been given a divorce from Louis Kirk Willard in the county court of Denver, and will spend her holidays at the old home with her 3-year-old child this year.

Dressed in the best of fashion and chaperoned at the divorce trial by the wife of one of the head men of a local department store, Mrs. Willard came into county court Friday heavily veiled and told of the error of one high-up in the world selecting a bricklayer for a husband just for "love's sweet sake," according to a school girl's idea of such things.

While her parents were able and willing to assist her, she told the court that she had lived for the past year on less than $80, which was all her husband gave her, rather than appeal to home. She finally sent her baby back to the old Keystone state and sued for divorce. Non-support was the cause of action. She was also given the custody of the child.

"Do you wish for alimony?" asked her attorney.

"No."

"Do you wish the custody of the baby?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you able to take care of her?"

"My parents—they have her now."

"You may have the decree," said Judge Dixon.

A successful term at the Edinboro Normal just closed. Winter session begins Dec. 28, 1909. Write for catalog.

JOHN F. BIGLER, Prin.

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AT BRADFORD, PA. COMBS, BELT PINS, EXCLUSIVE STYLES, AT LANE'S SHOP, DIAMONDS, WATCHES AT BRADFORD, PA.

THE HARP CAME BACK

Incident In the Career of an Old Time Opera Manager.

A SURPRISE FOR MARETZEK.

It Came at a Time When Max Was Broke and the Sheriff Had Levied Upon All His Stage Properties—Mme. Maretzek's Thanks to the Carpenter.

In the old days in New York city, before there was a Metropolitan or a Manhattan Opera House and when the center of the theatrical world was around Fourteenth street, Max Maretzek and Strakosch were prominent at the old Academy of Music. There was a keen rivalry between them. Strakosch had Nilsson, and Maretzek was exploiting Di Murska.

By some error of dates both were booked for New York at the same time. Strakosch was at the Academy and Maretzek, having closed a poor season elsewhere, had halted in New York before going to Philadelphia and secured a week at the Lyceum theater on Fourteenth street. There were strong bills at both places. Each manager had his friends, and the billposters had a busy time of it. A round of bills for one company was no sooner posted than the rival billposter covered up the poster with the rival company's sheets.

At last, for the matinee on Saturday, bills at both houses were suddenly changed, every vacant fence place plastered over quickly, and with a pelting storm in the morning the managers began to put out "paper" to fill the houses. Alfred Joel was the business man for Maretzek and an adept at "papering" when necessary. With a house packed from parquet to gallery Joel had counted the boxes, found only $100 in the house and announced it to Max when the curtain fell between the acts.

This was serious to Max. The ever ready money lender who had "put up for him" had a lien on the box office, a sheriff's officer was in waiting on the stage, and it was a question of replevin before the properties and costumes could be liberated to follow the company to Philadelphia early next morning.

"Well, Alfred," quietly said Max, "I [illegible] to it all is. But then [illegible] always?" Then, [illegible] wife, who was the harp [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] after the performance, which was at a matinee, everything that was supposed to be Maretzek's was temporarily in "hock," and Mme. Maretzek [illegible] tears, with longing looks at the harp she valued.

The scene of negotiations was transferred to the greenroom just as the officers making the levy were searching for more, and when their backs were turned the old stage carpenter hurried Mme. Maretzek away, then called her back again five minutes after and pointed to the orchestra.

The harp had disappeared. Clearing out everything on Sunday morning, while the boxes of properties were being taken away, Max and his wife stood in the center of the darkened stage. Both were crying. The instrument they valued most had been taken from them. Other things had been liberated, but no harp, and with a scene of grief that no others than themselves could have appreciated they were silent.

Then Old Man Guernsey stood between them and waved his hand above them into space. There were a creaking of pulley wheels, an injunction from the carpenter to "look out for your heads," and, lowered from above, came Mme. Maretzek's harp, landing on the stage between them.

"Now you've got it again, get it away quick!" said Guernsey. "Stop crying and be thankful. That's all."

He moved off without waiting for thanks, and a pathetic scene with Max and his wife closed the incident. To them the harp was as a part of themselves. To lose it was more than a misfortune, and in a broken voice the lady called the carpenter back to her.

"Please let the harp thank you," said she, "and listen. It will speak with my hands on this Sunday morning."

She placed herself beside it, seated on a box, and, with a smile that chased away tears, gave for a moment or two as only she could give it the air of the doxology, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."—New York Times.

Trouble Ahead.

A north country coroner is said to be waiting the suicide of a local poet who wrote about clasping "the two tremulous hands" of his ladylove, but which the printer made to read "the two tremendous hands."—London Mail.

A Queer Question.

Small Harold (at the zoo)—What is that funny looking bird, papa? Papa—That is a bald eagle, Harold. Small Harold—How long does an eagle have to be married before he gets bald, papa?—Chicago News.

Usually Has To.

"Say, paw, what is a genius?"

"A genius is a man who can do his own washing, sewing and cooking, my boy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Weak men never yield at the proper time.—Life.

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighth inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

BURNED PAPER MONEY.

Source of Great Profit to the Government and Banks.

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value. And this in spite of the fact that the silver in the coin would not be worth half its face value. [illegible] desirable.

In the case of the paper currency a portion of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and, no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Fire may melt $1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its metal value. It may melt $1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay $1,000 in new twenty dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of $1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year, involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for in many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was cited to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723. "I never could speak in public," he told Spence afterward, "and I don't believe that if it was a set thing I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance."—London Standard.

The Lost Company.

"Hungry, I suppose?" said the sharp faced woman as she opened the door just a little bit.

"W'y, no," answered the ragged wayfarer. "I've clean forgot how to be hungry. But I'm out and out lonely."

"Lonely?"

"Yes. You see, I hain't had nothing to eat for so long that I've got so thin I can't cast no shadder, and you ain't no idea what company a man's shadder is to him while he is travelin' along the road."

Considerate.

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?"

Of course they replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.

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—AND—
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Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Christmas Goods

My New Christmas goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Jones. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]

The [illegible] of a [illegible] Sanderson vers. [illegible] of Mc Lane B. Co. (Pa.) 17 So. 537, 31 L. R. A. (N. S.) 101, not to extend to any damage resulting from the injury, [illegible] or viciousness of the animal.

An assignee of a bill of lading as collateral security for a draft upon the consignee of property represented by it which he discounts is held in Mason versus Nelson (N.C.), 62 S. E. 625, 18 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1221, not to be liable for breach of warranty by the consignor in the sale of the property.

Sporting Notes.

Dorando Miller, the New York A. C. crack single sculler, says this is his last year to row.

A golfer in Cincinnati who had accidentally driven his ball behind and within six feet of a tall shelter house lofted the ball over the building in one stroke by the niblick and, landing it on the green, won the game.

Joe Marilton is something of a baseball thrower, his performance of 138 yards, 2 feet and 2 inches at New Orleans recently being a world's record. Larry Twitchell in 1888 made the former best record of 135 2-3 yards.

Science Siftings.

In the Edinburgh museum there is a magnet which weighs but three and one-half grains, yet it can lift 445 times its weight.

Experiments have shown that Hertzian waves will pass through stone walls more than three feet thick, but will be stopped by tin sheets no thicker than cigarette paper.

Roentgen rays are now used to help the diagnosis of tuberculous disease. Tuberculin indicates the presence of the disease in the system, but to find its location the X rays are needed.

Ancient Sacrifices.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

A Far Sighted Man.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent!"

"Why not?"

"What! And have my wife losing thirty dollar hats to other women on the election!"—Boston Transcript.

Particular.

"He's a very particular man."

"Yes. If the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone ahead for a good room."—New York Press.

THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE.

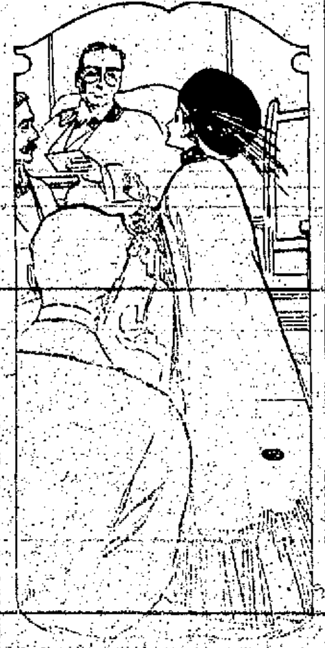
A Mother Does Not Lose Faith In Her Son.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

She was the last one to enter the train, running breathlessly up the steps and pausing for a moment in the doorway—such a bright and happy picture, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, that the passengers glancing in her direction half smiled sympathetically as she beamed upon them all.

The porter, showing his white teeth, hastened to lead the way to the only vacant seat, and the man behind anticipated her movement toward the window and pressed the spring and let in the fresh October air. The little old woman who had been sitting unnoticed close to the window drew a long breath gratefully. She was a shabby, worn little old woman, with



[illegible] old fashioned [illegible]

"Is the breeze too strong for you?" asked the girl, smiling down into the bonnet; and then, seeing the great tears which were flowing down the furrows on the tired little face, she added impulsively, "Can I help you in any way?"

"I am afraid no one can do that, my dear," replied the little old woman painfully. "I am going on a sad journey today."

It was evident that her need of human sympathy was very great, but she checked herself suddenly, embarrassed at the realization that she had been on the point of confiding in a stranger.

With an expectant look in her soft eyes the girl waited. "Perhaps," she suggested feelingly, "you would like to tell me all about it."

For a moment longer the woman hesitated, and then, reassured by the kindly interest in the girl's face, began her story.

"It's my son," she quavered. "He is in great trouble, and I'm hurrying to him. It is years since I've been on a train, years since I've been in a city, and it will all be very strange and hard for me. He doesn't know I'm coming. Henry doesn't. But if his mother can help him she is going to be right there. Just yesterday it happened. He was going in on this very train to the city, where he lives. The car was filled, as it is today, my dear, and he sat beside a lady just as we are sitting. She wore one of those dresses, he wrote, that are fastened way up the back, and through the fastening was pinned a diamond horseshoe. She was leaning forward all the time, looking through the window, so he remembers the horseshoe very distinctly as it flashed and glittered in the sun. Well, why they should say he did it—those men—I can't understand, unless they were anxious to blame it on some one when the lady missed it; for it was gone, the diamond horseshoe. There one minute and gone the next, and the men, two of them across the aisle, say that Henry—my Henry, who is as honest as the day—unfastened the pin and slipped it into his pocket. Quick as he was, they declare, they saw him do it. The trainmen were called; there was great commotion, and there he had to stand and bear it all—the prying eyes, the disgrace. Oh, they searched him well, but no pin was found. I could have told them many miles away that they would not find their stolen pin upon my boy." So [illegible] the grief stricken voice choked bitterly. "They locked him up there in the city. He had no money to give a bond, and this morning early they are to swear his honesty away—the men who say they saw him do it—and the [illegible] her diamond horseshoe. [illegible] mother's prayers can help!"

She could go no further. She saw her boy again as when she had first seen him the day he was born. She saw him as, having kissed her, he toddled away to school. She saw him as he began to grow from boyhood to youth and from youth to manhood and [illegible] of him. What a fine man he was going to be!

And now where were all those hopes? In a twinkling they had vanished.

With misty eyes the girl leaned forward gently. The little hand in its dainty glove was laid upon the toil worn hand in [illegible]. "Tell me more about your boy," she urged softly.

Almost eagerly the old woman continued: "He has always been such a good boy, [illegible] like his father and [illegible] His father wanted [illegible] he was [illegible] [illegible] But that's for the sky. Henry says, 'Artists like to be high up, and I'm not to worry.'"

She paused and regarded the girl questioningly for a moment. The girl nodded understandingly, and the other resumed: "But things were beginning to look so bright. He was to paint a rich man's picture as soon as he could earn enough to buy the necessary materials—canvas, brushes and things. And now to be locked up and branded a thief!"

"I am glad you have told me, and I thank you," said the girl very softly. "If Henry's mother has such faith in him everything is certain to come right. You must let me help you. I know the city very well, for it is my home in the winter time. When we arrive the carriage will be waiting, and we will drive immediately to the courthouse."

If the accused artist had seen them as they entered the courtroom he might have found in their faces—the wan, pitiful countenance of his distracted mother and the glowing features of her young companion—inspiration for a picture to be called "Hope and Despair," but his head was bowed low and his face was buried in his hands as he sat waiting for his case to be called.

Seating the little old woman in a secluded corner, the girl hurried forward and asked a court attendant to permit her to speak to the judge. The man conducted her to the bench, and his honor signified his willingness to hear her.

"If the case of Henry Burrows has not yet been called," she pleaded, "will you please have it dismissed? I am Miss Stanfield, the person who lost the diamond horseshoe, and I do not wish to appear against him. You will remember that nothing was found upon him when he was searched. There has been a great mistake, and the horseshoe is now safe in my possession."

So saying, she unclasped a pin from the laces at her throat and laid it upon the desk, a curious golden horseshoe, with the diamond nails flashing brilliantly.

With a puzzled expression the judge scanned closely for a moment her flushed, eager face and then motioned to two men seated together in the room. "The witnesses," he said impressively, "are positive that the man unclasped the pin."

Quickly the girl turned to the men. "This is the pin, is it not?" she asked. "It is a design one would not forget easily. There has been a great mistake." Then, with lowered voice, she added: "If her son should be pronounced guilty it will break his old mother's heart. Think of that, gentlemen, before you act."

Silently and with respectful admiration the men regarded her. "I see," said one of them finally, "that it is all a mistake, as you say."

A few moments later "The case of Henry Burrows dismissed!" rang out through the courtroom, and the old woman turned [illegible] to those near by and cried jubilantly, "I knew it! My boy, my boy!"

The girl stood looking up into the white, tense face of the young artist.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded curtly.

Without flinching the girl looked straight into his eyes and answered, "The faith your mother has in her son should never be [illegible] or grow less."

With a quick sob the man hid his face [illegible] "[illegible] you believe me?" [illegible]

[illegible] "They were [illegible]," but the girl almost whispered her answer. "There were twins," she said—"twin horseshoes. My father gave them to me."

As she was going he rose to his feet and raised his right arm as if he were registering a vow.

"Some day I shall return it to you," he said.

Again the girl put forth her hand. "I believe you," she said simply and went her way. And the memory that she carried out into the sunshine of the morning was the perfect content on the wrinkled face of the old mother as her son led her tenderly from the courtroom.

The young man kept his promise. One day two years later the girl received a little package by post. Opening it, she removed some cotton, and there below lay a diamond horseshoe pin.

"A little of this goes a long way," said the aeronaut as he flicked the ash from his cigar.—Harvard Lampoon.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
—paid for—
BUTTER,
EGGS
AND
POULTRY.
William M. Hagan,
HAZELHURST, - PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Charles D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to Walter Newton of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demands upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

WALTER NEWTON,
Executor,
Kinzua, Warren Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1909.

Santa in the Stable,

is short for Holiday fare for your horse if his grain and feed have been bought from us. At all times watchful of the interests of yourself and your dumb friends and servitors, we bespeak liberal purchases of hay, oats, corn and other grains and feed this Holiday time. Open your heart and your pocketbook for a Christmas treat for Mr. Equine.

F. A. GREEN,
Smethport, Pa.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE "MINER"

Brasted's
Fine
TOBACCO
FRUIT
NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

CHRISTMAS IN HERE

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF

Cut Glass and China

Suitable for

Handsome Christmas Presents

We also have a lot of odds and ends which we have placed on a **5 AND 10 CENT COUNTER** that are well worth their value.

Smethport Cut Glass at Factory Price.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 23, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Happy New Year.

—Last call for holiday shoppers.

—A boy with a snow plow made himself popular last evening.

—Note the change in the advertisement of The Lindholm Co. this week.

—Charles Lemmler has a new advertisement in this issue which all should read.

—Subscribe now. The Boys' Magazine and the Miner one year for $1.60. Better value was never offered.

—When you read an advertisement on this page with Monheimer's name to it, you can rely on it that you get the bargains he advertises.

—The assessed valuation of property in Eldred has been lowered about 50 per cent. Evidently property in that place is not in any great demand.

—W. L. Grumbine is reported quite ill at the home of J. C. Cunningham on East Main street. His many friends wish for his speedy recovery.

—Patrick J. McCarten, formerly of Mt. Alton, died at his home in Renovo on Sunday aged 62 years. He has three daughters living in Bradford and his remains were buried in that city.

—Last week the Cameron County Press issued a 24-page special edition, which was filled with many large holiday advertisements of local merchants. They do things right in the advertising line over there.

—Christmas services at St. Luke's Christmas Eve, children's service with carols at 7:00 o'clock. Christmas tree in parish house immediately afterward. Christmas Day, Holy Eucharist at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m.

—A number of people in this section have formed the habit of sending the Miner for a year to some distant friend as a Christmas present. It is a good habit. Get it.

—The sale of the Red Cross stamps continues to be large. Everybody is urged to spend their pennies for the stamps, and to assist the fight against consumption. Several of the large concerns have ordered a few hundred of the stamps to use on their correspondence. Buy them and ask your friends to do likewise.

—One reason so many people take cold during the winter months, according to a well-known authority, is the hot, dry atmosphere indoors, due to imperfect heating. If we were as careful to keep the air in our rooms moist as we are to keep them warm, there would be less occasion for cough medicine than is now the case.

—The State Highway Department has awarded a contract to the South Shore Construction company of Erie, for the completion of the Kendall creek macadam road. The work will cost 14,833.51 and will complete a macadam road from the city line to the foot of Rew hill. The construction work will be started early in the spring.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Through the bursting of an eight-inch gas line at Halsey near Mt. Jewett at 10 o'clock yesterday morning James P. Kelley, the chief engineer of the pumping plant of the United Gas Co., was instantly killed by being struck on the head by a piece of iron from the pipe. Three other men, M. J. Crandall, George Schriber and M. J. Armstrong were injured.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

—The Red Cross stamps which are on sale in the various stores in this place, are sold for one cent apiece. The proceeds from the sale to be used for the fight against consumption. In this district, the money will be used for the Northwestern Anti Tuberculosis League. The support on the sanatorium, they are now operating, already having nine patients. Every stamp you buy helps this fight. It is the hope of those interested that the sale will be very large.

—Christmas advertisements tell you exactly where to go for gifts. Read them, not forgetting that the advertisers in the Miner are liable to give you better bargains than you can find any where else. Good advertisers are good people to deal with. This is a truth which may be demonstrated to any skeptical person with very little trouble.

—A. B. McGinnis of Chicago, Ill., on Tuesday, sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, his farm of 200 acres located 2 miles west of Friendship, N. Y., on the Cuba road to A. W. Sage and William Dorritt, of Bolivar. The trade included a fine dairy of 25 cows. Possession will be given on March first. This is one of the best located farms in Allegany county. The purchase price was $8,000.

—The Presbyterian church of Ridgway was burned to the ground a few days ago. The interior of the building was in flames when the fire was discovered and nothing could be done to save the building from destruction. It is not known how it started, but it is thought it ignited from a gas leak in the basement. The loss is estimated at $10,000; insurance $7,000. The building will be rebuilt, work beginning next spring.

—The farmers of this county will be interested to learn that there will be held this year a series of Farmers' Institutes at Port Allegany, January 14th and 15th, and Kane January 17th and 18th. A number of instructors from other parts of the state will be present to join with the farmers of this locality in the discussion of topics relative to agriculture. These meetings are free and open to all, and we have no doubt the farmers of this county will avail themselves of the advantages to be gained by attending these meetings.

—Married a second time within 3 hours of getting a divorce from Russell Thomas, her father's chauffeur, with whom she eloped a year ago, Miss Silvey Speer, the 18-year-old daughter of W. A. Speer, a wealthy and socially prominent resident of Atlanta, Georgia, was balked in an intended second elopement and honeymoon trip to New York by the tardy consent to her marriage, which she succeeded in wringing from her parents. Silvey will inherit $1,000,000 from her grandfather and is very interesting in other ways. She would be called a regular [illegible] if she wasn't so heavily financed.—Bradford Era.

Number of Nails to a Horseshoe.

Centuries ago there lived a farrier, Walter le Brun by name, whose dexterity at the anvil on the occasion of a great tilting meeting on the banks of the Thames was noticed by the then reigning monarch, Edward III., who rewarded the blacksmith by granting him sufficient land adjoining the tilting green for the erection thereon of a forge. As quit rent he had to present annually to the king six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails. To the modern mind the number of nails would appear to be superfluous, but when it is remembered that the horseshoes of that period required ten nails apiece it will be seen that the calculations of Edward III. merely allowed one over in case of accident. Furthermore, the shoes were all to be for the horse's fore feet, from which fact some historians draw the inference that the animals ridden in the knights' tournaments were encouraged to injure each other with their front hoofs.—London News.

"Correct to a T."

Our earliest quotation for this or for the kindred phrases "to suit one to a T," "to fit to a T," "to know one to a T," is of 1693. Can any one help us to an earlier example? No one of our many instances throws any light upon its origin. A current obvious conjecture would explain "a T" as meaning "a T square," but to this there are various objections. We have no evidence as yet that the name "T square" goes back to the seventeenth century and no example of its being called simply "a T," and in few if any of our instances would the substitution of "a T square" for "a T" make any tolerable sense. The notion seems rather to be that of minute exactness, as it were "to the minutest point." But the evidence is mainly negative. If examples can be found of "T square" before 1700 or of its reduction simply to "T" or of earlier examples of "to a T" they may help to settle the actual origin.—London Notes and Queries.

The First Wire Nail.

Although the wire nail is a small thing, it would be a big thing to do without. Probably no one could estimate the millions or billions or trillions—whatever the number may be—that are used in a single year. Yet the first wire nails in the United States were made no longer ago than 1872. The first machine for their manufacture was brought over from Dusseldorf and set up in Covington, Ky. Later this single machine was multiplied by four and a company was organized. In 1884 the manufacture of wire nails was begun in Beaver Falls, Pa., and the product was already beginning to grow in popularity and usefulness. Just a year later a strike temporarily shut off the manufacture of cut nails, and the wire nail was in such demand, that the manufacturers were swamped. From that time dates the supremacy of the wire nail.—Chicago Post.

Henry Ward Beecher's Wit.

On one occasion as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already?" he said. "My watch is only at 10. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animals" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

French Convicts.

Convicts who are sent to the French penal colony in French Guiana are punished in exactly inverse ratio to their crimes. The murderers and the most dangerous convicts are sent to the island of Salvation, where they lead lazy and healthy lives, but the men convicted of lesser offenses work and die in a terrible climate on the coast. In the settlement of St. Jean de Maroni the mortality is from 40 to 60 per cent. The average life of a convict is two years.

Which Was It?

"Are we slaves or are we free men?" thundered the orator. "I pause for a reply."

"Some of us are married," came the answer from the last row of seats.—New York Sun.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

For the Holidays

Fine Perfumes
Fine Stationary
Leather Goods
The Beautiful Pickard China
Fountain Pens
Xmas Cards
Xmas Seals
Gold Fish, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. **We're guilty and we're** proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Has Some Friend Told You of Foods Shot from Guns?

Folks who eat Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are sorry for those who don't.

So they tell of these foods to others, and the others tell others. That's how the use is spread.

Please ask some housewife to tell you how her folks enjoy these foods.

Or try them yourself. One package of Puffed Wheat, at a cost of ten cents, will reveal a new delight.

You will know, for the first time, how good cereals can be made.

You will see grains that are crisp and nut-like, puffed to eight times their natural size.

You will see grains made four times as porous as bread—ready to melt in the mouth.

You will see grains made digestible—with every starch granule exploded.

And you will see foods that children like better than any foods you know.

Puffed Wheat—10c

Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 23, 1909.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,

Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

The Smithsonian Institution has placed on exhibition the trophies obtained by the Roosevelt expedition in South Africa. This collection is declared by the regents and by scientists connected with the Institution to be the finest it has ever received. It includes 243 specimens of large animals, 1,500 of small mammals, 1,350 birds and something over 2,500 sheets of plants. There are, moreover, a number of human skulls picked up along the line of an old slave trail which constitutes a valuable contribution to the anthropological division. The receipt of this collection is most gratifying to the attaches of the Institution, especially as it has entailed no expense, the funds being raised by private contribution.

In the current number of The Psychological Clinic Dr. Lightner Witmer, [illegible] of the University [illegible] Prof. Witmer [illegible] far beyond [illegible] Dr. Witmer [illegible] the orang-outangs from Borneo are training as a psychological experiment. His interest in the study of the mental intelligence of the apes led him to investigate Peter, a chimpanzee who is being exhibited this winter on the Keith Circuit of theatres.

Peter was put through many of the tests which Dr. Witmer uses for the study of backward children. He performed many of these tests in a very satisfactory manner. He was able to string beads the first time he tried it. He put pegs in the ordinary kindergarten pegging board. He opened and closed a very difficult lock. He uses hammer and screw driver and distinguishes without any mistake between nails and screws. A peculiar kind of hammer was given to him in order to fool him, but Peter was not fooled. He felt both ends of the hammer and used the flat end instead of the round end.

Showing his imitative and general intelligence, Peter got away during the tests from those who were watching him and darted for a washstand, quickly turned the faucet and put his mouth to the spigot and got a drink before he was snatched away by his trainers. Peter understands language and follows verbal instructions without signs. He is able to say "mama" and Dr. Witmer taught him in five minutes' time to make the sound of "p." The most remarkable performance was making the letter "W" on the blackboard, in which he imitated Dr. Witmer's movements exactly and reproduced a fair copy of the letter. The conclusions drawn from the tests are that the ape could be trained to show even greater intelligence than he possesses at the present time. Peter is the most intelligent animal to be reported in the annals of science. He goes a long way to justify the reports of those persons whom Roosevelt and others call "nature fakers," because they ascribe a higher intelligence to the lower animals than biologists and psychologists thought they possessed. His intelligence bridges the gap which was supposed to exist between the minds of the lower animals and the mind of man. Prof. Witmer's study is a contribution of great value to animal psychology and if his results are accepted, it must [illegible] current notions as to the [illegible] of the animal intelligence.

In the same number of the Clinic Dr. O. P. Cornman, Associate Supt. of Public Schools, reports the educational results of school progress of children in large and small classes; small classes containing under 40 pupils, medium sized classes containing from 40 to 49 pupils, and large classes containing 50 or over. Dr. Cornman's conclusions are that classes of medium size make the best showing and the large classes do not fall much below small or medium sized classes. In the grammar grades the larger the class the better is the promotion record. The results were obtained from the examination of the records of 300 classes. In good behavior also, the larger classes had as high a rating as the small classes and a higher rating than classes of medium size.

THE GUARD WAS ANGRY.

But the Pretty Girl Didn't Need His Protection.

Passengers on a subway car bound from Brooklyn to New York on Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh.

The car was crowded, but all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match.

The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face.

"That will about do for you," said the big, rawboned guard. "Go home to your wife!"

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a pretty hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man and said in a silvery voice that all could hear:

"Oh, papa, how could you?"

Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.—New York Press.

CONQUERED HER RIVAL.

Pretty and Pathetic Story of Jenny Lind and Grisi.

Jenny Lind and Grisi were both rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her.

The accompanist was striking the final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved when a child. [illegible] As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now. Instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, uttering regardless of the audience.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Now

is the time to engage a room for the Winter term at the Clarion State Normal School. The Winter term opens Tuesday, January 4th. New Dormitory, Free Tuition, Fine Equipment, Strong Faculty. Write for catalog and full information.

J. GEORGE BECHT, Prin.

Stop at M. L. Armstrong's on your way down town and buy me a Pearl Brooch and a Neck Chain for Mame, and you had better throw that old watch away and buy a new 16 size South Bend 15 jeweled, so you will not miss the train, and did you notice those swell fobs? He is selling cheaper than ever, and you have no idea what a few dollars will do. Call to-day

Prospects good for large attendance at Edinboro Normal. Winter session begins Dec. 28, 1909. Write for catalog.

JOHN F. BIGLER, Prin.

The best pills DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe way, pleasant and sure, little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of Isaac Huntley, late of Keating Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to R. H. Huntley. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

R. H. HUNTLEY,
Administrator.
Corydon, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1909.

Put Your Money In a Home

Rent Money is Gone.

forever. We have over 180 money making farms for sale and over 40 village properties. Many of them can be bought on easy terms, all of them are low in price. Some farms can be purchased for payments as low as $300. Our services are free to buyers. Send a stamp for our latest list. This may be the turning point in your life. Resolve to own a home of your own. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Just Step In to

Bisett's Store

and you will find the most exclusive goods for Old and Young.

Big Line of Toys.

M. L. Bisett,
City Store

R·B·I· STANDS for the BEST in BUSINESS EDUCATION

Young People with R. B. I. Training Always in Demand

During the last four years, Nov. 1, 1905 to Nov. 1, 1909, including the period of severe business depression, 4212 calls for graduates to fill good positions were received, 1013 more than the entire student enrolment during that time. Attendance much larger this year than ever before.

Next month's registration dates Jan. 3 and 4. Send for catalogue

ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Mary E. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, notice is hereby given that letters testamentary have been duly issued by the Register of Wills of McKean county. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and meet at my office in the [illegible] Block building at Smethport, Pa., and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

[illegible] YOUNG,
Executor.

Smethport, [illegible]

First Class Laundry Work.

Do not wear SOILED COLLARS.

Help one another by sending your LAUNDRY work

— to —

KANE STEAM LAUNDRY,
F. C. Kelts, Mgr.
C. S. VAN DUSEN, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

FISH,
OYSTERS,
CLAMS, ETC.

Maurice River Cove Oysters in shell, clams and tub oysters. Come Tuesdays and Fridays. Fresh saltwater fish every Friday.

QUIRK'S RESTURANT.

SOME LAUNDRIES

Do good work some of the time.

MANY LAUNDRIES

Do good work most of the time.

This Laundry

Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.

We Solicit Your Work.

City Steam Laundry

Bradford, Penna.

Morrison & Hogarth, local agents, Armstrong's Drug Store.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.

in good reliable companies

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES L. MMLER
Smethport, Pa.

It Costs Just a Post Card

to learn how to increase your income on your savings and how to bank by mail and how to insure your bank deposits, without cost, with a fund of ten million dollars.

Write today for Interesting Free Booklet

Capital and Surplus, $10,000,000.00
"In Capital and Surplus, there is Strength."

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
317 Fourth Ave.—314 to 318 Diamond St,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

Great Sacrifice Sale

COMMENCES TO-DAY

50 overcoats for men
40 overcoats for boys
28 overcoats for children

at surprisingly low figures. Look now and see the bargains

Mens overcoats sizes 34 to 40
boys overcoats sizes 15 to 36
Childrens overcoats age 2 1-2 to 10

$20 to $25 mens overcoats now $16.50
$16 to $20 mens overcoats now $13.50
$10 to $15 mens overcoats now $8.50
$8.50 to $9.00 boys overcoats now $5.50
$5.50 to $6.50 boys overcoats now $3.75
$5.00 to $6.00 childrens overcoats now $3.50
$3.50 to $4.00 childrens overcoats now $2.75

Numerous other Bargains that space does not permit us to mention. Shoe Sale is still on. Come and see our bargain counter.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Merry Christmas Stationary

Christmas Boxes,
Hand Bags,
Pocket Books,
Toilet Sets,
Manicure Sets,
Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.

Call and see what we Have to offer.

McCoy's Drug Store

Why You Should Trade at BRENNAN'S

We have the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries to be found in this vicinity. We also buy the best,—thus the consumers always get the best.

Fair and courteous treatment to our patrons has made it possible for us to retain their trade and good will. Join the Crowd and trade where you get Satisfaction.

GEO. W. BRENNAN.
THE CASH GROCER

Christmas Shoppers
will do well to call at the
Fruit and Candy Store of
NAHARA & THOMAS

Our line of fruits is always the finest to be found in the market and we have one of the best lines of hand made candies ever shown in Town.

NAHARA & THOMAS
N STREET, SMETHPORT, PA

The Lindholm Co.

McCall's Patterns

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

Thousands of beautiful and acceptable gifts have been Sold here, each so well selected that it is sure to please the receipient and reflect credit on the taste of the giver, we still have more of just such beautiful gifts here fore you, Come To-night and early **Friday** you only have a few hours, to complete your list.

FOR TO-NIGHT AND TO-MORROW

We will give 25 per cent. off the regular price of all Ladies, and Gentlemen's, Hull umbrellas.

ALL TOYS ONE-HALF PRICE

Special Sale of Handkerchiefs.

Special Sale of Ladies and Gents House Slippers.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE

at

DALY & GARLICK'S

Hardware

Call and See the line

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 23, 1909.

Personal Mention.

—Merry Christmas.

—The ice harvest in this section has started.

—The stores are more than busy this week.

—Burtville is to have a new cheese factory.

—The Lemon Club will give a dance at the Lyceum New Year's eve.

—Do not forget that the legal season for hunting rabbits has closed.

—The heavy storm yesterday made all trains coming into this place quite late.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Coon are rejoicing over the arrival of the stork with a bright baby boy.

—See Hadley's moving pictures at the Lyceum to-night and help the High School along. Reports of this company from other towns are very good.

—The Cameron County Press has just moved into its new home, which has been erected especially for a newspaper office. Wish we might do the same.

—Some women are petitioning to have a woman's head put on the two cent postage stamp. Of course, a woman can carry the news fast enough but we rebel at the thought of having to lick one every time we want to mail a letter.—Star.

—Coudersport is also after the municipal ownership of the water works. Necessary legal steps will at once be taken and the question placed before the people at the February election to be decided by them whether the borough shall own its own water system or not.

—Robert S. Watterson, proprietor of the Oil City House, Bradford, died at 6 o'clock Sunday evening in his apartments in that hotel. He was 54 years of age and is survived by his widow and two brothers, William, of Bradford, and Alvin, of Oil City. He was well-known and popular throughout the county.

—Mrs. A. L. Gallup was taken to Buffalo yesterday by Dr. Robert Hamilton where she underwent an operation at the hands of Dr. Park. Reports last night were to the effect that she withstood the shock of the operation and is on the road to rapid recovery, but this morning her condition was rather discouraging.

—John Digel had the end of the middle finger on his right hand badly crushed in a stamping press at the Backus Novelty works Monday afternoon. At first it was thought it would have to be amputated but now the doctor is of the opinion it can be saved.

—Don't forget Hadley's moving pictures at the Lyceum to-night for the benefit of the Smethport High School. Professor Allen informed us this morning that he called up Port Allegany where a performance was given last night and the report from there is that the entertainment was first-class.

—The hundreds of thousands who have used them will be glad to know that the combined pocket diary—1910—memorandum book for 1910 and 1911 with other handy information issued by C. A. Snow & Co. of Washington, D. C., is ready and will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents postage. Write to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

—The writer has recently had occasion to pay a visit to the second floor of J. A. Holder's new brick block which is to be used for a dancing hall and large private parties. This hall is very cleverly arranged and nicely furnished. It has a large dancing room, a dining room, kitchen, ante room and cloak room all neatly arranged, and all in all it is a very cleverly arranged building for this purpose.

—Mrs. C. W. Dickenson of this borough was taken to Buffalo on Monday in company with her husband and Dr. Robert Hamilton and yesterday morning she underwent an operation for cancer in her breast, Dr. Park performing the operation. A telephone message from her bedside last evening was to the effect that she came out from under the influence of the opiates all right and the chances for her recovery are very good.

—Yesterday morning Sheridan Gorton, Esq., was called to the bedside of his mother, Mrs. W. D. Renwick, at Friendship, N. Y. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the aged lady passed away. She was 81 years of age and is survived by five children, namely, Sheridan Gorton of this borough, Ned M. Renwick and Walter N. Renwick of Cuba, N. Y., Mrs. F. L. Dayton of Buffalo and Mrs. W. H. Flint of Friendship, with whom she made her home.

—Everyone who can afford to should make some little Christmas gift to some poor child or grown person. It is a very nice custom to remember your friends with some token or another, but the real spirit of Christmas is to assist the poor and needy with some gift even though it be slight. We know that a great many people in this community observe this custom, but perhaps there are a few more who can and will do so this year.

—Some of our brother publishers have joked us considerably about our troubles with a baby, a linotype and a folding machine but our real troubles are mostly embodied in our gas engine. This thing seems to be the product of the devil instead of a well-known maker of machinery and nearly every morning we take about an hour in wishing it was so far in intercontinental shades, that an arctic explorer couldn't find it in a ten-year hunt.

—Judge Ormerod of Potter county has taken a stand against supervisors or other persons putting what are generally called "thank-you-mums" in public roads to obstruct automobiles or other vehicles, [illegible] the constables to return all persons making or maintaining such obstructions. In this vicinity several have been placed in the roads in the shape of cross-paths from the farmers' house to his barn. Judge Ormerod holds that such raised places in the road are contrary to law and should be abolished.

—The postoffice department has given notice that the words, "Not to be Opened Until Christmas" on any package sent through the mails subject it to first class rates. Unnecessary. The packages will be opened anyhow. When people are around the house and look into every corner to find what Santa Claus is going to bring them, do you think they are going to let an injunction like "Don't Open Until Christmas" remain unaccepted? Evidently the department's [illegible]

—The MINER has made arrangements with the publishers of The Boys' Magazine whereby we can furnish that excellent publication and the MINER for $1.60 per year. The Boys' Magazine is the best monthly publication for boys on the market today and every subscriber to the MINER should take advantage of this offer at once, for it may not last a great while. Call at this office and look over a copy and we are sure you will take advantage of this clubbing offer if you have a boy or girl in your home, whom you like to have good reading.

—In the death notices in the Buffalo Evening News we noticed the following: "Dec. 7, 1909, in Buffalo N. Y., Mary Holmes Southwick, daughter of Mrs. Aurelia Rifle, and sister of H. A. Rifle, aged 51 years. The funeral will take place from the family residence 78 Niagara street, Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Friends are invited to attend. Burial at Arcade, N. Y. Smethport, Pa., papers please copy." The deceased was born in Smethport and spent her girlhood days here, moving away about 30 years ago. She had many friends in this section who will be pained to learn of her demise.

—The Pittsburg Presbytery has a peculiar case on hand. Some time ago it paid $100 to W. H. Cowelson to assist him in defraying his college expenses that he might enter the ministry. Mr. Cowelson is now preaching for the Methodists, and the Presbyterians declare that it is not the kind of a preacher they thought they were helping to make, and they propose to sue to recover the $100. It seems that Mr. Cowelson was the oldest, or at least the largest, boy in the freshman class, and was greatly annoyed by the older class men and finally hazed to such an extent that he left Washington and Jefferson college and began to preach for the Methodists.

—During the past week a deal has been consumated in which Foster Studholme, the well known Olean druggist, and Gordon Studholme of this place have purchased the drug store of J. H. Williams. They have been busy the entire week taking inventory, which is now complete. Studholme Brothers will own this store, while Gordon will remain in possession of his old store, and Foster will retain his store in Olean. Earl Fetterly has been engaged as manager of the Williams store, and the rest of the clerks will remain the same. Foster Studholme expects to make his residence here in spring, and will probably occupy the present residence of J. H. Williams. Mr. Williams recently purchased a farm near Lockport, N. Y., where he will move and make his home later.—Port Allegany Argus.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

6tf MRS CARRIE CLARK

Hand Painted China.

Before buying your final Xmas gifts, just have a look at my beautiful stock, over Anderson & Carlson.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

Local and General.

W. Z. Georgia of Olean was a visitor in town yesterday.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton was a Bradford visitor on Monday.

E. T. Newman left last Friday for a business visit to Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and Miss Rita were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mrs. F. P. Isherwood was a Bradford visitor the first of the week.

J. L. Morris of DeGolia, Pa., was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo is the guest of her sister, Miss Nettie Duntley.

T. H. Ryan of Kane was in town yesterday to attend the funeral of D. F. Wright.

Dr. Pool of Buffalo was in town today to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jennie Tracy.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin returned has returned from a visit with Geneva, N. Y., relatives.

L. Rosenthal of New York city was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gallup are attending the State Grange at State College this week.

Miss Rae Rubin left last week for an extended visit with Mrs. R. K. Russell at Bradford.

A. R. Anderson, of Clermont was a visitor in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter, Dorothy, were Bradford visitors the forepart of the week.

Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago arrived in town yesterday to spend the holidays with relatives and friends.

Mrs. L. K. Hogarth and daughter, Lesina were Bradford visitors Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson Jacobs of Whitesville, N. Y., attended the funeral of Mrs. Jennie Tracy today.

Miss Pauline [illegible] of Farmers Valley was the guest of Smethport friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. T. H. Morrison and son, Tom, are the guests of Mrs. Morrison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] of Bradford.

Miss Theo Gifford, of Williamsport is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Gifford of Mill street.

Myron Gallup who is a student at [illegible] Commercial College at Olean, N. Y., is spending his vacation at his home in this place.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zela Brasted returned home Saturday from South Bethlehem, Pa., where they are attending school, for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield and two children left Wednesday for Syracuse, N. Y., where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. Redfield's parents.

Miss Irma Wells, who is attending Darlington Seminary at West Chester, Pa., is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells.

MacArthur Gorton arrived home Thursday evening from Bucknell University and will pass the holiday vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

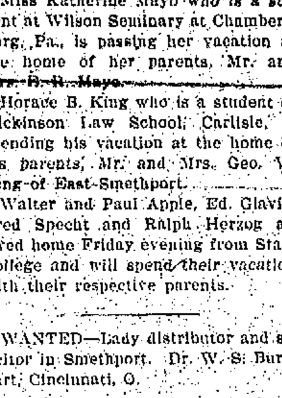
Miss Katherine Mayo who is a student at Wilson Seminary at Chambersburg, Pa., is passing her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Mayo.

Horace B. King who is a student of Dickinson Law School, Carlisle, is spending his vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. King of East Smethport.

Walter and Paul Apple, Ed. Glavin, Fred Specht and Ralph Herzog arrived home Friday evening from State College and will spend their vacation with their respective parents.

WANTED—Lady distributor and solicitor in Smethport. Dr. W. S. Burkhart, Cincinnati, O.

WM. MONHEIMER.



You need not Dress like old father time when you can get here such clothing Bargains at these:

Suits or Overcoats

that were **$10.00, $13.50, $15.00 $18.50 and $20.00, now sold at $7.50, $10.00, $11.50, $13.00 and $15.00.**

All of our fine clothing will go at above Bargain Prices.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns **Monarch Shirts**

FRY & COMES

Bargains For Xmas Shoppers

We offer some decided bargains for THURSDAY and FRIDAY, DEC. 23 and 24.

Surplus Stocks, Small lots and Odds and Ends are priced for quick clearance. Read below.

25c China, assorted	17c	$1.00 Teddy Bears	75c
$2.50 carved wood pipe rack	$1.25	$1.50 Teddy Bears	$1.13
25c Framed Pictures	13c	$2.50 Teddy Bears	$1.93
50c Framed Pictures	25c	$1 Mechanicl doll swings	50c
$1.25 Framed Pictures	75c	$2 Tool chest for boys	$1.50
$2.00 Framed Pictures	$1.00	$1 Crockinole Boares	50c
$2.00 Toilet Set	$1.25	$9.50 Fox scarfs for ladies	$7.50
25c gloves and Hdkf boxes	17c	$1.00 White Angora Sets for Children	75c
50c Teddy Bears	38c		

FRY & COMES

WHY

RUBEROID
ROOFING

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

SANTA CLAUSES' HEADQUARTERS

A GOOD PLACE TO COME TO FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Our store is the ideal place to buy Christmas gifts. You will find in our stock useful and desirable presents for every member of your family, as well as your friends. Here are a few suggestions:

Mirror
Candy
Fine Stationery
Box Cigars
Toys
Military Sets
Manicure Sets
Toilet Sets
Perfumes
Smaking Sets

These are but a few, by looking around you will find something suitable for anyone on your list.

¶By traiding here you are sure of prompt attention, you avoid unpleasant crowds, you are sure of fresh, clean stock, you are not importuned to buy when you are only looking

UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE

H. C. Wells

PLENTY OF ROOM.

No Trouble to Find a Place For Him to Rest In Sleep.

His blanket the soldier takes along on the march, but usually not his tent. Usage soon makes the ground as soft a bed as he wants. The case is pretty nearly the same with the prospector and the frontiersman. In writing of the "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" Mr. Clifton Johnson tells of the practice on the ranches of the west. He was the guest of an early settler.

While we were chatting a laborer passed, shouldering a roll of blankets. The butcher had come to the door, and he pointed to the passer and said: "You see that fellow, don't you? Well, when I first reached here from the east I thought a man with a bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across.

"A rancher in this country won't take his hired man into his house. They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn.

"I know a fellow who, when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the way they manage, got a job harvesting on a big wheat ranch. The help usually sleep in the straw stacks then, and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening and finally said to the rancher, 'Where am I to sleep tonight?'

"'Why, I don't care where you sleep,' said the rancher. 'I've got 900 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a piece of his.'"

TOWER OF BABEL.

Traditions as to the Height of the Famous Structure.

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of merest conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each seventy-five feet in height, but whether this ruin was the remains of the tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these seventy-five foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about twelve miles. In Cingalese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.—London Saturday Review.

Happy Events.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class—girls eight to nine years old—in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without help of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "happy events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairyland" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the lakes should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could take a swim and jump out and skate."

James I. and Billiards.

James I. appears to have inherited his mother's love of billiards. Among the payments from his privy purse noted in the exchequer records is one to "Henry Waller, our joyner, for a billiards boarde, Twelve foote long and fower foote broade, the frame being wallnottree, well wrought and carved, with eight great skrewes and eighteen small skrewes." A salutary billiard rule in force in the days of the Stuarts was one to the effect that no bystander, even though he was betting on the game, should be allowed to offer advice unless asked. If he did so it was provided that "he shall for every fault instantly forfeit twopence for the good of the company or not be suffered to stay in the room."—London Chronicle.

His Early Home Coming.

"Does your husband carry a latchkey, Mrs. Homebody?"

"No, I never knew him to."

"Oh, then he comes in early! That must be due to your training?"

"Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Answering Little Eddie.

Little Eddie—Say, pa, do political enemies belong to different parties? Pa—No, my son; they belong to different factions in the same party.—Exchange.

MODERN CHAIRS.

Evolution of Our Seats With Arms and High Backs.

Chairs with high backs and arms, after coming into general use with the renaissance, began to be ornamented with an amount of carving and gilding that has hardly since been equaled, which came naturally from the artistic tastes of the period. Their size, form and the amount of decoration lavished on them indicated the rank, fortune, authority or social position of their possessors. Bishops and abbots had seats corresponding with their dignity, while those below them sat on stools or benches. Only the king and queen and persons of high rank could be seated on chairs with arms and backs in the time of Catherine de Medici, and her sons, courtiers and favorites sat about them on stools called tabourets.

This manner of expressing difference of rank prevailed under Louis XIV. and his successors down to the French revolution. To the chairs elaborately carved succeeded the armchair, so called in these times, which, with unimportant variations, is much the same as in the reign of Louis XIV. Specimens of the stools used by the favorites and ladies of honor of the king and queen may still be seen in the royal palaces of France. They were changed into the modern parlor chair by simply adding a back, which has hardly made them more comfortable.—Westminster Gazette.

A KINGLY PICTURE.

Slovenly Figure Cut by Charles XII. of Sweden.

Distance lends enchantment to the imagination as well as to the actual vision. This is a fortunate circumstance, for the real truth about some of the heroes of history might to a person today bring disenchantment and even disgust. Charles XII. of Sweden may claim the world's admiration as a military genius, but from Mr. Morfill's description of the monarch, given in the "Story of Poland," that gentleman would be anything but an agreeable addition to society:

"He wears a black crape cravat, but the cape of the coat is always buttoned so closely that one cannot see it. His shirt and wristbands are always dirty. He wears no ruffles nor gloves, and his hands are commonly the same color as his wristbands, so you can hardly distinguish them. His hair is light brown, very short and never combed but with the fingers.

"He begins dinner with a big piece of bread and butter, having stuck his napkin under his chin. Between every two bits of meat he eats bread which he butters with his thumb. He is never more than a quarter of an hour at his meals, eats like a horse and never speaks a word."

A kingly picture, indeed, savoring of romance and knightly fashion!

An Independent Element.

Carbon is an elementary substance widely diffused throughout nature. It occurs uncombined in two distinct forms or allotropic conditions—viz., graphite or blacklead and the diamond, which is pure crystallized carbon. It is, however, more commonly found in combination with other elementary substances than in the free state. United with oxygen, it occurs as carbonic acid gas (CO_2) and exists in the atmosphere, in natural waters, in limestone, dolomite and ironstone. In combination with hydrogen it forms the extensive series of chemical compounds known as hydrocarbons. It is also an important constituent of wood, starch, sugar, gum, oil, bone and flesh. No other element is so characteristic of the plant and animal world as carbon. In 1788 Lavoisier showed it to be an independent element. He furthermore proved the diamond to be the purest form of carbon and by combustion converted it into carbonic acid gas.—New York American.

Not the Usual Romance.

Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them.

He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. Here it is: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living, and I do not care to support a husband, as I would do if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a forty-seven cent pair of breeches."—Muscotah Recorder.

Improvement.

Bacon—How is your wife?

Egbert—Improving, thank you.

"Why, I didn't know she'd been ill!"

"She hasn't, but she bought a bonnet today for $4. She used to buy the sixteen dollar kind, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

Blunt.

"I should like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the bookkeeper to the "old man."

"So should I," replied the proprietor as he turned to his desk again.—London Tit-Bits.

Nautical.

"Cap, how many knots an hour can you make with this vessel?"

"Can't make any just now; we're tied up."—Baltimore American.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Danish Proverb.

HARD WORK.

Sam's Desperate Effort at Composing a Love Letter.

To one old southern negro in New York the difficulties of letter composition seemed well nigh insurmountable. The old fellow, as a writer in the Atlanta Constitution relates, asked his "boss," Colonel Yerger, to write a letter for him to his sweetheart.

"All right, Sam, I'll do it," agreed the colonel.

"Has yer got de paper and de ink and de pen ready, sah?"

"Yes, Sam. Go ahead."

"Write 'Thompson street, New York.'"

"All right."

"Has yer got hit written?"

"Yes."

"All ob hit?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read it to me, boss."

"'Thompson street, New York.'"

"Dat's right. Now write 'May de fourteenf.'"

"Yes."

"Has yer got hit down, boss, already?"

"Yes."

"G'way, boss, you're jokin'! Read it to me."

"'May 14.'"

"Mah goodness! You has got hit down all right. Now, boss, read hit all over from de berry beginning."

"'Thompson street, New York, May 14.'"

"Dat's right. Whew! Say, boss, let's res' awhile; I's tired. My head aches like hit was gwineter split."

HE REFORMED.

A Flash of Lightning Made Him See His Evil Ways.

A group of men sitting on the dry goods boxes in front of a country store were discussing big storms.

"There's no use in talking," remarked one of them. "We are all badly scared in a thunderstorm."

"I remember one time when I was, sure enough," said another. "It was about a year after I was married, and I was on my way home from town. It began to thunder and lighten when I was about halfway there, and the rain fell in sheets. I stopped under a big tree. I knew that wasn't safe, but I thought I'd risk it.

"In a few minutes the lightning struck a tree about a hundred feet away, and I fell down, either from the shock or from fright, I don't know which to this day. But I got up again, and my hair rose on end when I remembered that I had a plug of tobacco in my pocket."

"What had that to do with it?"

"Nothing but this: My wife didn't know I chewed tobacco. She hated the weed like poison. 'What if I had been killed and that plug of tobacco found in my pocket?' I thought. I think I had the worst fright right then that I ever had in my life."

"Well?"

"Well, before the next flash came I took that plug out of my pocket and threw it as far as I could send it, and I have never chewed tobacco since."

Didn't Teach Him That Trick.

"That's a werry knowing animal of yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin'!" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and hand it back."

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.—London Tit-Bits.

Rearranging the Basis.

"You are charging me $7 a week for board and lodging, Mrs. Irons," said the gray haired person of the name of Harris. "May I ask how you would itemize it? What part of it is for board?"

"Five dollars," replied the landlady.

"And $2 for my room?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Irons," he said, proceeding to square up for another week, "we'll consider hereafter that I'm paying you $5 for lodging and $2 for board. It will seem more as if I were getting the worth of my money."—Chicago Tribune.

The Fortune Tellers.

Lady—Poor man! So you are just out of jail? Tramp—Yes, mum. I was a victim of fortune tellers ten years ago. Lady—Indeed? Tramp—Yes, mum. The district attorney told me where I'd ever been and what I'd ever done during my whole life, and the judge predicted where I would be for the next ten years.—Puck.

A Paragon.

"What reason have you for thinking that he's a perfect gentleman?"

"He must be. I had dinner at his house, and neither his wife nor daughter corrected him once."—Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Compromise.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye $50 for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorcher—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Remit the fine and you get the job.—Brooklyn Life.

CEYLON MENUS.

The Way Natives Wrestle With the English Language.

A writer in the Epicure tells of several menus with which he was confronted when traveling in Ceylon. The menu, he says, is an indispensable adjunct to a respectable luncheon or dinner table in Ceylon. As a rule, the head servant writes it out and from his elementary knowledge of English as "she is wrote" springs a host of quaint blunders. At the same time his fertile oriental brain is ever apt to add footnotes, which are perhaps his happiest achievement.

At one lunch there figured among the dishes "roast beef," but it caused the hostess some consternation when she discovered the additional legend in very small letters, "roast beef, smelling a little," the parenthetical note being meant to intimate that the dish was accompanied by a sauce of savory odors.

On another occasion there appeared this following acknowledgment of deficiency: "Steak and kidney pie; no kidney."

It was altogether delightful, continues the writer, to find at one dinner our old friend Welsh rabbit appearing as "Welsch rubbish." The same genius translated haricot mutton into "hurrygod mutton." Our own boy, he adds, on the occasion of a hastily improvised dinner, was unable to accomplish a dessert. Consequently he put the word "plates" at the end of the menu.

A COSTLY TRIFLE.

It Brought Bankruptcy to an English Iron King.

It was a common penny postage stamp that brought Hobart, the great British "iron king," to his ruin. At the time of the Whitworth period, when there was a big crisis in the iron trade, he had agents in all parts of the world who kept him posted. Sometimes they telegraphed news to him in cipher, but those in England were nearly always instructed to write. At that period his principal agent, who was also his chief partner, was in Sheffield and wrote him from there warning him to sell out all iron interests for the time on account of the Whitworth crisis.

Hobart had frequent fits of irritability, and he had been receiving a lot of unstamped letters of no importance on which he had to pay double postage. One morning in anger he gave orders that such letters were to be returned to the postman. The very first unstamped letter received after this was from his partner. It was refused as soon as it arrived.

Consequently, knowing nothing of the existence of the letter or the all important private news it contained, Hobart pledged himself next day for more iron deals than even his mighty credit was good for. The great drop in prices came two days later, and Hobart, once a millionaire, was involved in a hopeless bankruptcy from which he never recovered.—London Telegraph.

Pillsbury's Wonderful Memory.

Harry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, offered one day in South Bethlehem, Pa., to memorize thirty words, no matter how hard they might be, the selections to be read to him only once. Professor Merriman of Lehigh university and Dr. Threlkeld-Edwards of Bethlehem picked out most of the following words: Antiphlogistine, periosteum, takadiastase, plasmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphylococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freiheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Blechenberg, American, Russia, philosopher, Piet-Potgieters-Rost, Salmagundi, Oomisillecootsi, Bangmamvate, Schlechter's Nek, Manzinyama, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomalops.

Mr. Pillsbury immediately repeated these words in the order given and in the reverse order.

A Cockney.

Minsheu, a dictionary maker of London, in 1617 issued a work which gave the following amusing account of the origin of the word "cockney:" "A cockney, or cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of the Bow bells—that is, within the city of London—whiche terme came first out of the following tale:

"A citizen's sonne, riding with his father out of London into the country and being a novice and merely ignorant of how corne and catel do increase, asked when he heard a horse neigh what the horse dide. His father answered, 'The horse dothe neigh.' Riding further, he heard a cock crow and said, 'Dothe the cock neigh too?' And therefore cockney, or cockneigh, by inversion thus: incoctus—i. e., raw or unripe in countrey-mens affaires."

Italian Brigandage In 1848.

One summer evening in the crowded theater an impatient house demanded the drawing of the curtain preliminary to the first act. When at last it was upraised Il Passatore and his armed band occupied the stage, with muskets aimed at the affrighted audience. The chief stated that he should levy a tax per head, which he then and there collected. The gang made off with their booty unmolested.—Lady Prestwich's "Essays."

Depressed.

"I am afraid Bliggins has met with reverses."

"What makes you think so?"

"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such a thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

There are more than 600 proverbs in the English language which relate to dogs.

VERY FINE BIRDS.

His Wife's Comment on the Result of His Hunting Trip.

The braggadocio of the common variety of husbands generally sooner or later falls before the keen insight that most women have of human nature in general and bragging husbands in particular. A witty southern woman was married to such a man, who, though invariably unsuccessful as a hunter, was continually boasting of his killings.

As he was returning home one evening after an all day hunting trip it occurred to him that the usual accompaniment of an empty game bag was not in accordance with his oft boasted skill as a hunter and that his wife would again have the joke on him, so he went to the market and purchased two brace of partridges.

As he entered the house he threw them on the table with great eclat and exclaimed, "Well, you dear old doubter, you see that I am another with the gun than you give me credit for being, after all; now don't you?"

Milady picked up the birds and examined them very carefully. As she looked up after the examination he said:

"Fine birds, my dear—very fine birds, are they not?"

"Robert," responded the wife, turning up her nose, "you were only just in time in shooting those birds today. Tomorrow it would have been everlastingly too late!"—St. Louis Republic.

EATING AN APPLE.

What You Take Into Your System With the Fruit.

"Do you know what you're eating?" said the doctor to the girl.

"An apple, of course."

"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus."

"I hope those things are good. They sound alarming."

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observed, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters, if retained, render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. Oh, the ancients were not wrong when they esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor.—New York Tribune.

Strange Lapse of Memory.

Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priestly was preparing his work entitled "Harmony of the Gospels" he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion relative to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and laid the paper away. His attention and time being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject occurred to his mind again. Then the same time and pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before; and the results were again put on paper and laid aside. So completely had he forgotten that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.

A Question For the King.

Divinity doth not always hedge a king. There have been many rulers who could take as well as give in the joking line. The most striking instance of this kind is seen in the case of Charles II., that good natured Stuart, who once asked his chaplain, Dr. Stillingfleet:

"How is it that you always read your sermons before me when, as I understand, you can preach eloquently enough elsewhere, without book or notes?"

The good doctor answered that he was so overwhelmed by his majesty's presence that he could not trust himself otherwise, continuing, "And now, sire, may it please you to tell me why you read your speeches when you have no such excuse?"—St. Louis Republic.

Her Own Coin.

There was quite a scene the other night at a certain bridge party. A loser paid a lady with her own I. O. U.'s. The lady said it was most ungentlemanly. She said she wouldn't have minded being paid back in her own coin, but she disliked paper money.—Exchange.

The Harder Part.

"It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes; it's hard to find the new tricks," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Well Bred.

Gentleman—That looks a well bred dog. Owner—I should think he was well bred. Why, he won't have a bit of dinner till he's got his collar on!—Punch.

There are about 26,800 worms to an acre of cultivable land.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—R. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—L. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
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Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Blever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
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Constable—U. H. Foote.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
G. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

D. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. H. HOPPER, S.
A. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—T. P. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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All In a Garden Fair

The Evening Visitor Whose Presence Was Not an Intrusion.

By A. C. ROWSEY.

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It was a queerly placed little house, this old house, perched nearly a hundred feet above the wide asphalted street that had been graded through the hill crest to the river, a hundred and fifty yards distant to the west.

There was a rugged front of jagged rock from the street line up to the little garden in front of the old-colonial house at the top of the man made cliff. Shaky with age, a fence of white palings ran along the edge of the precipice as if to fend off the hated city from the innocent, fresh country beauty that flirted over its rickety top with the street below.

For Nature was in league against the paling. She strived to cover the rocks with blossoming honeysuckle vines and gorgeous wistaria clusters and hung the flowers, like ripening grapes, in the seamy sides of the cliff where the dynamite had in tearing the live rock in twain opened wide crevices and gaping wounds in her side.

The top of the hill and the garden were reached by a long flight of wooden stairs—stairs weather worn and shabby for want of paint.

At the top of the stairs was a high gate.

Beyond the gate the city disappeared. No murmur of it reached you in the garden.

Here were deep woods of giant oaks, their bases carpeted with violets and strawberry blossoms and now and then masked by blackberry patches.

The garden was a mass of color. Great bushes of pink peonies flanked one side of the graveled walk from the gate, rivaling the array of white blossoms on the other side of the walk. The palings were hidden with [illegible] jasmine, roses and lilac bushes. In the center of the lawn was a [illegible] with tiny white [illegible].

That afternoon [illegible] Miss Snowden sat in her rustic rocker. A dingy sunbonnet protected her sallow face, just [illegible] of the [illegible] for the [illegible] the gate as she [illegible] the garden.

Miss Snowden sighed plaintively as the girl came up the walk, her white [illegible] hat perched on the side of her head at a rakish angle in odd contrast to the primly dressed, flaxen hair drawn taut around the little head to the long braid dangling behind. She swung a roll of parchment tied with a blue ribbon in her hand and hummed a little song, as if there were no such things as an older aunt's nerves.

"Now, what's the matter, aunty?" she queried, halting in front of Miss Snowden at the sight of the frown.

"Matter? Why, nothing, child," protested Miss Snowden, running her finger along the edge of her crocheting and beginning a new count.

The girl dabbed at her hat until it assumed a more dignified if not a more becoming poise.

"Mamma any better, aunty?" she asked. Then, without waiting an answer, she dropped on the lawn. "And who do you think was there?"

"I am sure I don't know. How should I?"

Miss Snowden worked furiously.

"Colonel Payson!" The girl looked up shyly. "The one the papers are all so full about. You know, who's just back from the Philippines."

Miss Snowden did not speak.

"Think of him coming all the way up here to our dinky little commencement!"

"Josie!" gasped Miss Snowden, horrified.

"But it was dinky—awfully dinky!" persisted her niece.

"He's the loveliest man you ever saw, aunty—so tall and straight—and he walks with his shoulders thrown back and his head up. His hair is only just beginning to turn gray. I could see that all the older girls were stealing sly looks at him, but he didn't take any notice of them. He came right up to me and looked at me so queer. One would think he'd never seen a girl like me before. He shook hands with me and held my hand in his for a long while, still looking at me with that strange, wistful look. I wonder what he did in the Philippines to make him so famous. He must be awful brave."

"Indeed?" Miss Snowden muttered. She was thinking deeply as she bent over those crochet needles. The evening light was fading. The sun had transformed the river at the end of the street into a flood of flaming color. Had he recognized the child?

"Oh, aunty, I want to tell you something! I wish you would listen," broke in her niece. "He was awful nice, but—but—"

"But what?" asked Miss Snowden.

"He kissed me," the girl replied in an awestricken whisper, looking down at the river.

The elderly Miss Snowden quivered. She could not speak. Presently the girl, filled with embarrassment, plucked at the ribbon of her diploma, then slowly rose and went into the house, her cheeks flushed and her pretty head bowed.

The colors trooped in the evening sky; dusky shadows appeared in the old garden. She sat, her head leaned back and her eyes fixed upon the bonny brier.

"Aunty," called the girl softly from the house, "supper is ready!"

The elderly Miss Snowden made no reply. The girl in the doorway stood waiting. Presently she stole into the garden and pillowed her head humbly in the lap of the elderly Miss Snowden.

"After all my care, Josie," murmured the elderly Miss Snowden—"after I had taught you how evil men are!"

"Was it really so awful?" The girl looked up pensively. "Every one thought so. But it seemed all right."

"Josie!" the elderly Miss Snowden ejaculated in shrill horror. Her hand grew rigid upon the girl's head.

Years before there had been a wedding under Miss Snowden's roof. Then had come a baby girl, and, the mother being in delicate health, Miss Snowden had the entire care of the child. She used to bathe her and dress her, put her to bed at night and lie with her till she went to sleep. The girl baby had grown to be a girl when the young husband and father, who was a soldier in the service of the United States, sailed for the other side of the globe with his regiment and remained away a long while.

But the time came when he became impatient that he heard nothing of his wife and child. He sent a trusted messenger, who in due time returned with the news that they were both dead. He mourned for them and when he was ordered home with his command naturally sought the place where he had left them. It was a risky game Miss Snowden, who had sent back the report that his wife and child were dead, was playing. And now she had come to the end of passable deception.

Some one was coming up the path.

A man!

He was opening the gate!

"It's he!" gasped the girl, rising in dismay.

She fled toward the house, leaving Miss Snowden to face the enemy.

He came leisurely up the path, stopping now and then to caress a peony in a reminiscent way.

"Well, sir! How dare you come here?" rang out the challenge from the rocking chair and brought him to a halt at the bonny brier.

"I am looking for the parent of a Miss Payson," he said quietly, "one of the young ladies who graduated from the high school today. I am Colonel Robert E. Payson. May I ask whom I am addressing?"

"I refuse to answer, sir!" responded the elderly Miss Snowden hesitatingly. "Your presence is an intrusion, a great intrusion."

He bent his head slightly and listened to the voice rather than the words.

"I know your voice," he said slowly. "It seems connected with something very distasteful. But I cannot place you."

He stood in profound thought for a moment.

"The reason I called," he said deliberately, "is rather curious. Eleven years ago I went to the Philippines, leaving a wife and a four-year-old girl. They were to follow when the country became settled. News reached me a year later that they had died. Little Miss *Payson* looked so much like my wife in her girlhood that it—it—well, filled me with a wild, unreasonable hope that perhaps there had been some mistake."

Miss Snowden preserved a venomous silence.

"These peonies, the honeysuckle, the wistaria," he murmured, moving about the garden, "all speak so strongly of my wife that it seems to me she must be here."

Miss Snowden's niece came down the walk from the house. Behind her, clasping her hand, was a slender little woman.

Miss Snowden, hearing the steps on the path, turned, stared helplessly and straightened up in her rocker.

"Bessie, haven't you any more pride?" she cried shrilly. "Think, he never wrote when you were nearly dead! Think of the report his corporal brought me! Think of his not coming home for all these years! Think of his never answering your letters!"

The colonel darted forward up the path.

Miss Snowden flashed past, pale with anger and venom and fear.

Inside the house she hurried to the big old fashioned kitchen, locked the doors and from the cupboard drew forth a packet of letters and threw them into the range.

"They'll never know," she muttered, staring at the packet, feeling vaguely the shadows of coming desolation and isolation creeping upon her, while the vicious jealousy of years burned and drained in her heart.

There was a gentle knock on the kitchen door after the knob had been turned. She did not heed.

"They've told each other," she muttered, "and now they know that I did it. He had no right to take her from me. I was so alone."

She sat in the kitchen chair and stared into the future.

And what did she see? For herself a lonely old age embittered by remorse, for her niece life for a few years with her reunited parents in the army post, then love, then marriage with a young officer and a group of rosy cheeked, happy eyed children springing up about her. Then she saw, but it did not enable her to throw off her selfish regret, that the other's gain was her loss. For a selfish nature cannot become a generous one. Colonel Payson and his wife left the cause of their enforced separation without reproach—indeed, without again seeing her.

KILLED THE COBRA.

Methods of a Mongoose In Attacking the Big Snake.

I had the good fortune to witness a fight between a four foot cobra de capello and a mongoose.

On first catching sight of the cobra rikki tik (as Rudyard Kipling calls the Indian mongoose) quietly smelled its tail and then hung around awaiting events with curiosity, but he had not long to wait, for the cobra spread its hood, hissed out its death sentence and prepared to dart from its coil at its natural and hated enemy.

Now commenced a most interesting and deadly battle of feint and counter feint by the mongoose and strike and lightning-like recovery by his adversary, who was also on the defensive, all the time watching for the opportunity to get in his properly aimed bite.

Time after time rikki tik squirmed slowly up to within reach of those terrible fangs, belly on ground, with every gray hair of his body erect with anger and excitement, his eyes glaring from his head, which, by the way, he invariably held sideways during this approach and attack, but the moment the cobra struck in a flash back sprang master mongoose, and, although often it appeared as if impossible that he could have escaped the dreaded fangs, ne'er a scratch harmed him, and there he would be again wearing the cobra out and pressing his advantage inch by inch. At last, with a growl and sharp rikki cry, the plucky little beast flew in, avoided the strike and seized the snake behind the head, never for a moment getting under his mouth, but right at the nape of the neck and head, which he scrunched with a loud cracking sound, despite the struggles and twisting and turning of the cobra. Again and again rikki returned to the now writhing reptile and bit its head and body until it lay dying.

Finally he ate three or four inches of his mortal foe, but carefully avoided eating the fangs and poison glands, which I picked up by a stick and found them broken, but with the venom sacks attached.

Contrary to popular belief, I am of opinion the mongoose is not immune from snake poison, else why should he so particularly and carefully avoid being bitten? It is only by his marvelous activity that he escapes the spring and darting strike of his deadly enemy, the cobra de capello.—Ceylon Times.

DESTROYED BY CHEMICALS.

Weapons Used by Assassins Against Royal Personages.

Very few people are aware that as soon as the trial of an assassin of royalty is concluded the weapon with which he accomplished his crime is carefully destroyed so that no trace of it remains.

The reason of this is twofold—first of all, the possibility exists that at some time or other the weapons used in a royal tragedy may be exhibited to the public in some museum or show, and, second, there is a strange superstitious dread existing among reigning houses that the existence of the innocent but unhallowed weapons by which rulers have been dispatched to eternity is fraught with peril to their descendants.

The method of destroying these weapons is a curious one. The wooden portions, such as the stocks of pistols or the handles of poignards, are burned, and the metal portions are eaten away in a bath of nitric acid.

This has been the custom ever since the attempted assassination of Queen Isabella of Spain in 1852 by Merlus. Prior to that date the metal work of firearms or knives was ground or filed away, but the blade of the dagger with which Merlus sought to execute his dastardly crime proved to be of such exquisite temper and hardness that it resisted both file and grindstone.

This became known to the populace, and the superstitious Spaniards believed that Merlus had invested his weapon with magical qualities. To divest them of this absurd belief the authorities had the weapon destroyed by immersing it in chemicals, a rule that has been followed ever since.

High Class Suicide.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste.

Financial Information.

"So you at last yielded to that man's importunities and gave him some tips on the market?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax.

"What happened?"

"Well, they turned out so badly that I'm mighty glad I didn't invest any money on 'em myself."—Washington Star.

Consoling.

"That was tough meat you gave me last night," said the customer.

"Oh, run along!" said the dealer. "You will forget it by the time you pay for it."—Buffalo Express.

Fame.

Little Willie—What is fame, pa?

Pa—Fame, my son, is a ladder with grease on each rung.—Chicago News.

The Abyssinian wife is the head of the house.

THE SCORCHER.

Story of a Girl Ambitious to Run an Automobile.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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This is an age in which women have not only progressed in making for themselves new fields of labor, but they have done a great deal in the way of manly sports. Our great-grandmothers when they were girls were content to ride at a slow pace on horseback on a pillion, holding on to a man. Now our girls ride straddle, taking fences and ditches by the way. Whether or no a girl has ever run a locomotive we don't know, though we do know that girls have not yet adopted that work as a profession. But, as the bicycle was a forerunner of the automobile, so may girl chauffeurs be preliminary to women locomotive engineers. At any rate, Miss Tyson placed herself in the line of promotion.

"You're crazy, man! The idea of Edith Tyson in an automobile by herself, much less scorching! It's preposterous!"

"I know it; but, unless my eyes deceive me, she is doing that very thing and scorching like mad too. You had scarcely left my auto and gone into the store when there was a sudden rush, a scurrying of people without regard to the order of their going, a yell and threat from a policeman, and then the thing was past and disappearing in the distance. Luckily the street was wide and comparatively clear. I've been fined in this very town for half that speed."

His companion looked at him skeptically.

"If you'd substitute the name of Kate Conway the tale might go," he said. "She is reckless enough to dare even this close town. But Edith Tyson! Why, I took her down to the races last week, and she wouldn't let me run the auto faster than a horse pace for fear I shouldn't be able to control it and wouldn't even touch the lever herself. Edith's a nice girl, but I never figured her as being cut out for a scorcher. She's too bookish for one thing, and—well, too much of a lady for another. Her style seems out of place on a bicycle or driving an auto."

"SLOW DOWN," HE ADMONISHED. "IT'S AN AUTOMOBILE."

"Let's see," abruptly, "she's a sort of cousin, isn't she?"

"Sort of—third or fourth, I believe. But we've been more like brother and sister; live next door and that sort of thing, you know. But why do you ask?"

"Because I want you to take me to see her some afternoon," promptly. "I've met her only once informally at the Catsons', and that would scarcely entitle me to a call. And, to tell the truth candidly, I haven't thought of making one until today. Miss Tyson struck me as belonging to the pale, stately type which—excuse me—haven't much life or individuality about them—society ornaments and inanimates, one might call them. But the vision of her as she flashed by just now," his face brightening, "thoroughly undeceived me. I tell you, Clarkson, she was simply glorious—hair flying, face firm and kindling, eyes flashing and commanding the road—in fact, a veritable goddess who had the right of way and compelled its recognition."

Clarkson laughed.

"I don't recognize Edith by that description," he objected. "It was Miss Conway you saw. She fits into the 'goddess' and 'glorious' exactly. Now, I"—

"Oh, tut, tut, man! The two can't be mentioned in the same breath. I know Miss Conway. She is of the earth earthy, without a particle of the angelic quality which raises Miss Tyson above the rest of our common herd."

"Have your own way, Cone," resignedly. "You met her once informally, when she struck you as not having much individuality of her own, so you ought to know. But suppose we make a start. There's the golf at 2 o'clock, and we must get round and home to lunch before that. We'll have to do a little scorching on our own account after we leave town limits."

He stepped into the automobile, and Cone followed and grasped the lever. A moment after they were moving slowly along the street, watched from the opposite sidewalk by the baleful eyes of a policeman.

"That fellow's just aching for us to go a little above regulation speed," Clarkson observed, "but we can't afford the time to be hauled in just now. He's sore over Edith's passage through town. I wish I could warn her to make a wide detour of the place when she returns. To be arrested by a policeman would seem an overwhelming disgrace to her."

Cone promptly reversed his machine in the opposite direction.

"We'll go and warn her, then," he said calmly. "I was a brute not to think of it at first. But, you see, I have grown to look upon arrests as merely incidental but necessary annoyances of a day's run. I was held up three times last week. Now," as the policeman on the sidewalk was being dropped behind, "we'll try a little scorch to make up for lost time."

"But how about the golf," asked Clarkson disgustedly, "and the lunch? I'm getting hungry already."

"It will be good for your welfare to fast a little, then," was the unfeeling answer. "You are becoming altogether too gluttonous, Clarkson. As for the golf, I had already given that up for the day. You may recollect that you promised to take me out to see Miss Tyson."

"But not this afternoon," in dismay.

"This afternoon is the accepted time. It might rain tomorrow, the next day or any of the days after. Never put off till tomorrow, Clarkson. That's procrastinating."

Clarkson grunted, then laughed.

"Funny," he said; "it seems to be a mutual case of the god and the goddess. Only yesterday I heard Edith speaking about you."

His companion turned quickly. "About me?" he asked eagerly. "What"—

"Oh, it was only in the abstract," indifferently. "She doesn't know you except as something she met informally at Catsons. But, like everybody else, she has heard rumors of your foolhardy recklessness. She rather admired the way you rescued the child in front of your automobile, and I have heard her allude to that act on the river and to several other of your slight attacks of bravado. But, of course, a more personal knowledge of you will dispel the illusion. There that's right," as Cone suddenly speeded his machine to a third, greater velocity. "Now it's something like. We can probably keep this up to the next town, if some fool cow doesn't get in the way."

They were beyond the town limits, with an almost straight road ahead. Little by little Cone increased their speed, until they were going fully a mile a minute. From time to time Clarkson nodded his head approvingly.

Twenty minutes of this, then he suddenly leaned forward, shading his eyes from the rush of air which their speed created. A peculiar dark spot had appeared in the road ahead, rapidly resolving itself into something tangible. Ten seconds later he touched Cone's arm.

"Slow down," he admonished. "It's an automobile, and the chauffeur appears to be a woman. Of course it's Edith. I think the machine is standing still."

Thirty seconds later their automobile came to a stop beside the other, a closer view of which brought a low whistle from Clarkson. And, as he had surmised, the chauffeur was Edith.

As she saw and recognized them the corners of the chauffeur's mouth, which had been drooping, rose in perceptible relief.

"I was never so glad to see any one in all my life," she called fervently. "Here I've been sitting five whole minutes, wondering what in the world I should do next."

"And I've been wondering for a whole half hour what in the world started you out as a scorcher," retorted Clarkson dryly, "and, if my eyes are not at fault, I think I recognize the machine."

"Yes, it's yours," meekly; "but please don't scold. I've had an awful time. I went across to your house and was looking the automobile over when it started. You had left it out in the road, you know. I suppose I turned a lever or screw or pulled out a plug or something. Anyway, it went off like a race horse, and I didn't know how to stop it. I've often watched you steer, so I managed to keep it in the road. But I thought the journey never would end," plaintively. "I suppose the monster is run down. I—I hope it isn't broken."

"Of course it isn't," reassured Cone warmly; "automobiles often act that way. Clarkson and I can fix it all right in a few minutes. But you must feel awfully used up, Miss Tyson. Don't you think I'd better take you home at once?"

"Yes, indeed, if you don't mind," gratefully, "and it will be such a relief to find myself in an automobile with some one else responsible for whatever it runs into."

Cone laughed and sprang to the ground, followed by Clarkson. It took but a few moments to assist the girl from her machine and into his own; then Cone stepped in beside her.

"You'll be able to fix the machine all right without me, Clarkson," he called. "Miss Tyson is in a hurry to get home." Then, over his shoulder as the automobile began to glide away: "If you get back in time for the golf don't wait for us. Miss Tyson may be too tired for a quick run. We will go round by the Lake Shore road. That will be pleasanter. And, say, you needn't bother about that afternoon call. I don't think it will be worth while now."

There were a honk and a clatter and away the automobile sped, leaving a cloud of dust and a smell of burnt lamp wick behind.

TWO UGLY ANIMALS.

Those Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations much as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior; second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep, round spoors, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from wall to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are hedged in a circle. From ahead, out of the path of cane and creeper, sounds the [illegible] of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils snuffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Rolker in St. Nicholas.

The Blue Danube.

The Danube still retains its ancient splendors. The Rhine is the river of vine clad, sunny hills, ruined castles on rugged crags, mediaeval history and modern glory in war and in peace, a river bright as the warble of a bird in the wood. The Danube hills carry immense, almost untouched, forests, higher and grander than the heights of the Rhine. In the midst of this rich deep green verdure lonely white mountains break in on the eye. There are many wayside chapels, too, on the banks. In solemn, awesome, majestic beauty the Danube far excels the cheery, pretty Rhine, and it must be called a pity that so few American travelers take a tour on this indescribably superb river.—Omaha Bee.

She Was the Ghost.

"A certain lady and her family," says Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff in his "Diary," "hired a place in Scotland which was haunted by the ghost of a woman who was to be seen constantly at night wandering through the rooms and passages. When the family arrived the lady was much struck with the place and said, 'I must have been here before, for I know this place so well, only there ought to be two rooms here, and there is only one.'

"The agent replied that within a few weeks the owner had caused a partition to be taken down and made the two rooms into one. Still the lady was puzzled at her knowledge of the place till she remembered that it was a house she used to go to in her dreams.

"Well, some time passed, and the agent was up at the house again, when the lady complained that one part of the contract had not been fulfilled. They had hired a house and a ghost for the summer, and no ghost had she seen. The agent replied: 'Of course not, because you are the ghost. We recognized you the moment we saw you.'"

Why They Were Selected.

It has been recorded that General Henry Knox in 1783 was the "greatest" of eleven distinguished officers of the army, weighing 280 pounds. Noah Brooks in his book entitled "Henry Knox" gives the following incident relating to the general's full habit:

With a Captain Sargent he was selected to present the hard case of the starving and naked men at Valley Forge to the attention of a committee of congress. One of the congressmen, wishing to show his wit and sarcasm, said that he had never seen a fatter man than General Knox nor a better dressed man than his associate. Knox managed to keep his temper and remained silent, but his subordinate retorted, "The corps out of respect to congress and themselves have sent as their representatives the only man who had an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body and the only other man who possessed a complete suit of clothes."

Wanted a Pattern.

A ragged Irishman was charged in a London court [illegible] time ago with tendering [illegible] shilling in payment [illegible]

"Though [illegible] he was not destitute [illegible] which is [illegible] He [illegible] by a [illegible] who gave [illegible] for it, and [illegible] was not good in [illegible] for three halfpence.

"The Magistrate—How came you to buy the shilling after you had discovered it was a bad one?"

The prisoner, with much apparent gravity, replied:

"Sure, then, your honor, I bought it so that if I should happen to have a bad one offered to me I might know it by looking at the one I had with me!"

There was a burst of laughter, and the rogue was dismissed with a caution.

When the President Lost His Hat.

The Crystal palace exhibition opened at New York July 15, 1853, was the first affair of this kind in the country for which foreign exhibits were solicited. The "big show" began with a procession, in which President Franklin Pierce, mounted, was a conspicuous feature. The hero of the day rode a mettlesome steed, and while proceeding up Wall street the presidential headgear, a new silk hat of the prevalent style, was incontinently tumbled to the pavement. Another horse recklessly stepped upon the unfortunate tile, crushing it out of the semblance to itself, besmearing it with mud—real Wall street mud. What was left of the misshapen and bedaubed hat was worn by the president, to the great amusement of the spectators, until a substitute could be secured.

A Witty Retort.

One day while dining with the secretary of the admiralty William IV., then heir presumptive to the British crown, said: "When I am king, sir, you shall not be the secretary of the admiralty, I promise you. What do you say to that, eh?"

"All I can respond in such case," returned the witty official, "is, 'God save the king!'"—St. Louis Republic.

Fido's Tail a Mystery.

Little Willie was tugging at Fido's tail.

"What are you trying to do with the dog?" asked the child's father.

"I fink his tail is coming off."

"Oh, no, Willie. That's impossible. What makes you think so?"

"'Cause Fido's tail is so loose that it wiggles."—New York Press.

Bright Thought.

"Oh, dear," sighed small Elmer, "I wish I had another pocket!"

"You have several now," rejoined his mother. "Why do you want another?"

"I've looked through all of them for my knife," explained Elmer, "but couldn't find it. If I had another pocket it might be in that."—Chicago News.

A Calamity.

Tammas (to McTavish, whom he has just pulled out of the water)—Man, Donal', ye sud be lookin' happy! Are ye no' thankfu' yer life's saved? McTavish (sourly)—I dinna see nae cause to be thankfu'. The glass o' whisky I had afore I fell intil the water's gotten fair drooned!—London Tit-Bits.

Their Turn Out.

Ella—They had a very smart turnout. Bella—Indeed? Ella—Yes; they were ejected from one of the best hotels in the town.

Rather Venomous.

A tenderfoot who visited the Yosemite in the old days thus related his experience: The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was comin' down here drivin' a wagon when I catches sight of a snake in the brush all ready for a spring. My horses starts, an' I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an' he misses the horses."

"That was lucky. But you—you"—

"Lucky? You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and maybe you don't believe it, but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an' that wagon is swelled up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

Now They Never Speak.

A coolness growing out of the following conversation has sprung up between Jones and Smith:

"I had a splendid time last night," said Jones. "I spent the evening at a little social gathering at the Goodman mansion."

"Are the Goodmans nice people?" queried Smith.

"Well, I should say so. They are very aristocratic. To get into their circle one must have either a great deal of money or a great deal of genius."

"You don't tell me so! And you say you were there?"

"Yes."

"You were invited, were you?"

"Of course."

"And to be invited a man has to have plenty of money or a great deal of genius?"

"Precisely."

"Well, Jones, I am very glad to hear you have become rich all of a sudden. Lend me £5."—London Answers.

Antiquity of the Water Pump.

The water pump of today is but an improvement on a Grecian invention which first came into use during the reign of Ptolemies Philadelphos and Energetes, 285 to 221 B. C. The name, which is very similar in all languages, is derived from the Greek word pempo, to send or throw. The most ancient description we have of a water pump is by Hero of Alexandria. There is no authentic account of the general use of the pump in Germany previous to the beginning of the sixteenth century. At about that time the endless chain and bucket works for raising water from mines began to be replaced by pumps. In the seventeenth century rotating pumps, like the Pappenham engine, with two pistons, and the Prince Rupert, with one, were first used. Pumps with plunger pistons were invented by Morland, an Englishman, in 1674 and the double acting pump by De la Hire, the French academician.

Retribution.

"Stand up, prisoner," orders the stern judge.

The trembling culprit, who has been found guilty by a jury of his delighted peers, stands.

"Prisoner at the bar," solemnly declares the judge, "you have been convicted of building house after house containing one of these confounded little boxes called 'reception rooms,' in which there is neither room to receive nor hooks to make it a wardrobe. The sentence of the court is that for the next ten years you shall be confined in one of these alleged reception rooms of your own construction and design!"

Immediately the lawyers for the defendant begin work upon an appeal on the ground that a cruel and unusual punishment has been decreed.—Life.

A Big Help.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—Everybody's.

Make Some One Happy.

Charles Kingsley thus counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."

Ladylike.

A little girl on a train was chewing gum. Not only that, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and letting it fall back into her mouth again.

"Mabel," said her mother, in a horrified whisper, "don't do that. Chew your gum like a little lady."—Everybody's.

Webster Made Neat Retort.

As judge made law is now so much discussed, we may recall one of the neatest answers in history, as far, at least, as our own reading goes:

Judge (interrupting Webster's argument)—That is not law.

Webster—It was law until your honor spoke.—Collier's Weekly.

Intercollegiate.

"Not that I love Smith less, but that I love Bryn Mawr," said the junior as he invited a Philadelphia girl to the prom.—Amherst Four Leaf Clover.

The First Fireless Cooker.

Soon after the battle of White Plains, N. Y., while the American forces were drifting toward North Castle, the lone occupant of a house, one of the Pierce families, on the Bedford road at Pleasantville, N. Y., looking out of the window, descried a posse of Hessian soldiery coming up the pike. Having just placed a number of loaves of bread in the old Dutch oven, she bethought herself that it would be well to secrete them until the soldier band passed. She at once removed the loaves, which had already become heated, and ran up in the attic and placed them between two feather beds. The soldiers arrived in due time and soon appropriated everything removable. After their departure the housewife remembered the bread exodus, ran up the stairs, and, lo, the bread was done to the "queen's taste!"—Magazine of American History.

Figure It Out.

A beggar boy asked an old gentleman in the street for sixpence.

"What will you do with it if I give you one?" asked the old gentleman.

"Turn it into ninepence quick," replied the boy.

"How?"

"Give me the sixpence and I'll soon show you."

The boy got the money, darted off to a baker's shop and bought a threepenny loaf, with which he returned to the old gentleman and handed him back 3 pennies.

"How's this? You said you would make the sixpence into ninepence."

"So I have. The baker's got threepence, you've got threepence, and I've got a threepenny loaf. That's ninepence."—Pearson's Weekly.

Late Hour Explained.

"What kept you until this late hour?" asked the husband of his suffragette wife.

"Well, my dear," she answered meekly, "you see it took us an hour to greet one another, the meeting lasted thirty minutes, and the rest of the time was spent in saying goodby."—Detroit Free Press.

When Women Run Us.

Friend—So your detective force is a failure? Chief Emma—Yes; we can't find any one who is willing to be a plain clothes woman.—Puck.

Had Had His.

Sioux Chief—Why didn't you torture the paleface? Ute Chief—What was the use? He had been married for twenty years.—Buffalo Express.

To attempt to make everything emphatic is to make nothing emphatic.—Whately.

The Story of a Statue.

There was set up in the seventeenth century at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight what is probably the most curious piece of art extant, erected to the memory of Sir Robert Holmes, a British naval officer of that period. The odd circumstance is that the statue was not originally designed for Holmes at all, but for a very different personage, no other, indeed, than Louis XIV. of France. This statue, finished as to the figure, but in the rough as to the head, was being taken to France on an Italian vessel when it was captured by a British man-of-war commanded by Holmes. Upon perceiving the unfinished condition of the statue Holmes, with grim humor, compelled the artist, who had accompanied his work, to chisel his (Holmes') head on the king's body. And so it stands today. Holmes was eventually made governor of the Isle of Wight, which fact accounts for the location of this mongrel bit of artistry

The Lottery Mania.

The first lottery on record in England was drawn in London in 1569, the proceeds being devoted to public purposes. Four hundred thousand lots were drawn for the prizes of cash and silver plate, and for four months nothing else was thought or talked of, and the delight of the winners and the despair of the unfortunates seemed equally exaggerated. A perfect epidemic of lotteries followed, there being no laws upon the subject, and soon there were lottery tailors, lottery tea merchants, lottery barbers (who with each shave at threepence gave a ticket that might draw a ten pound prize), lottery shoeblacks, lottery eating houses where for sixpence a plate of meat and the chance of drawing 60 guineas were given, and so on down to a sausage stall in a narrow alley, where it was written that he who bought a farthing's worth of sausage might realize a capital of 5 shillings.

Trials of a Lecturer.

A well known Englishwoman lecturer tells some stories at her own expense.

"I was," she says, "on a tour through the provinces, and one night as I appeared on the platform in a small town the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: 'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman.' This was intended as a sincere compliment.

"On another occasion a bluff old farmer who boasted of his ability to look on all sides of a question announced me as follows: 'This lady's come here to talk about her rights. She's hired the hall herself, and so she's got a right to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle on't.'"

Leaning Tower In England.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple tower of Bristol, in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is five feet out of perpendicular at the summit. There are no records to show whether the inclination was part of the architect's design or whether it is the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

Right In Her Line.

"Isn't young Biggins going to wed that actress?"

"No; she feared that his laziness would bring poverty to both of them."

"And what did she do?"

"Canceled the engagement, saying she had an aversion to a poorhouse."—Exchange.

Useless.

Wifey (red hot)—Don't try any evasion with me, sir! Where have you been? Hub (humbly)—M'dear, wha's shuse? If I ansh'er your ques'un you will ques'un my ansh'er.—Boston Transcript.

Eskimo Baby Talk.

With the ordinary Eskimo language consisting of such words as igloo, ahwe-li-ah and ka-loo-loo-ka one can but wonder what their real baby talk sounds like.—Binghamton Republican.

Enough to Frighten One.

Tommie—Does your papa frighten you when he tries to make you go to sleep? Ethel—Yes; he sings to me!—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—Balzac.

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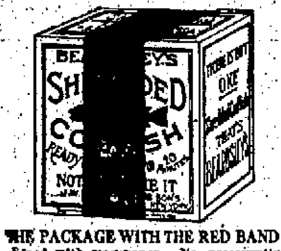

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